

jubilat



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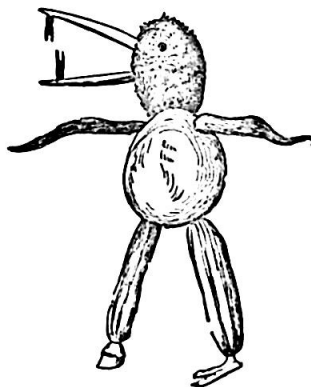
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jubilat

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NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE ARTS

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ON DRY SOD

John Peck

The family tree
was on fire

An alien in the cockpit
changed into a frog when no one was looking

Now we burn lavender and fly the time machine
with infinite patience

You fire your rifle at a wicker rocking chair
as I exchange tiger-striped furniture for food

Gringos take the letters they like and throw the rest away
and the encyclopedia

(eaten away by dampness)
dies of anxiety

and is buried
in a beautiful woman

*from One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel Garcia Marquez,
translated by Gregory Rabassa*

THE ALPS

Brandon Shimoda

A funeral procession
in snow—

Farmhouses
Dirty

nuns
pretending

—a blizzard
blows through

God's swelling
boxes—Surround us—

THE BRIDESMEN

*for Jane and Heiko
for Jonny and Sarah*

for Lisa

In the pantry

At all hours blue

Night terrors emerge

Rubbing moths from your composting body

Gown half-eaten
With blond buttermilk
In the pouch, and outside
Tinkling steams the pond

There is a town, there is a flavor
There is no pond, there is no back half
The town possesses a flavor is everyone's favorite
Hills are no secret when folded
Into the unmodified lives of the family gathering around a hot animal
Shrinking in the grip of black mitts and black caps
Raspberries in rings everyone gathers

Around what withdraws a pond from the hills
Everyone gathers the glowing ball
Touches black caps to the knees under supper
Spreads the hot animal on volumes of bread
Like the young prince who falls asleep
To the tune his breathing describes
The artery beloved by thick wire, and fancies so
Touches the glowing ball, leaves open the chest
Inherits the flavor of the glowing ball

When it was better, when the ball spoke into
The world settled into the seasons of instability
Lifeless and like life lessons burnt to the headboard
Resting, geldings
Hung with dreams farmed out like rhubarb
At the glass in the old frame
Banging, glowing balls stagger the hanging

Outbuildings burn to the pond
Everyone possesses a back half—
Is why the stalks of Corn and Fire
And Purple weeds bear teeth marks, spit up
The spine everyone cries for
The flavor what makes love of saplings, bends
Saplings their will
The woman spreads curtains, the farm rights its temblor
Up the skin. White witch in the wheedle

I would not leave the world for the animals
I would not leave death strict to the farm
The wind rushes through me, or I run giddy
In the long, spheric wind tossed blood forms
Columns from the quiet house, drops bathsmoke
Through the roof, the animals in the wind of themselves
Replace me, the animals move from their squares
Sideways over red and black water
As the bridesmen rise emptying to speak
Every shift in the pile of foregoing meat
Remember is hot, there is a young pig
There is a young pig

In borrowed funeral clothes

DUTTY

GAL

LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs

titanium boom shocka kill di woofers
thrash reverberating neatly polish me ride
hy/phy dancehall no can hear tings demur
titanium boom shocka kill da woofers
whine me curvature cause a road slaughter
ain't neck breaking like dutty when she whine
titanium boom shocka kill di woofers
thrash reverberating neatly polish me ride

MISTA POPO™ HOLLAS @ JYNX™

In 2004, Viz began to downsize Mr. Popo's large lips digitally

mista popo in the order of djinns to proceed
from blue black to purple to pink

there was nothing less visible than this red tire in poise to smile

lips disputed disappearing reappearing

mista popo adjusted his turban of starch white
mista popo was determined to prevent Kami from tappin
Jynx's ass before him

mista popo said: oh bodacious Zwarte Piet
 from the Netherlands
 how does the butterfly garden thrive
 for my big ole kettle belly?

an extra scoot never too robust for my flying carpet

so crone

holla at me Jynx holla at me Jynx holla at me
Jynx

w/ some soba on the side

let's fly away

mista popo want that hibiscus round your neck

that corn husky hair mount me with your mammy tie-dyed
kimonos

go go ganguro¹ manga mamasita izza to my dizza

blessed be your bleached pastel purikura ketai
so that we both know your tan from Shibuya right?
now is your booty valley honey or Janet Jackson?

is you is that face a flattery of darkness or is you is my dark
exception?
darky girl where you get dat cup size...ain't no Koreans up in
here that buoyant

who's your Smoochum™ daddy?
mista popo want Pika-chu™ heated
trust Son Goku™ can't land a punch

mista popo can be your primitive ashtray

that's right jubilee wind your hips
shake it like a hoochie

bounce it yamamba chibi

dazzle your wog eyes wave them Mickey gloves

my dragon ballz swing low for you propa
you give mista popo nosebleeds

¹ ganguro = nihongo subculture + young girls from Shibuya or ganguro = black face / gangankuro = exceptionally dark.

SHIPWRECKED

Alexis Orgera

Are you talking?
Because I can hear
the breeze clanking
its purple ribcage
through a maze of coyotes.
Are the words calibrating
your lips into perfect hollows?
Typing is like talking.
Are you erecting ladders
up, up, up the building
of your body? I look outside.
The yard is emerald,
but I don't know
where I am or
to which coast I belong
when the race is done.
On my team there would be
T-shirts and bronzed ladybugs.
Water in perpetuity.
There would be a box
and far-flinging shadows,
and two hundred tiny men
with their hearts ablaze.
That's where I belong.
On an island of organs.

THE THUNDER ROOM

Arielle Greenberg

ALBANY STATE MUSEUM

I ran along a path because I am a braggart.
I carried a tune but it fell from my pocket.

I litter. I quiver.
I pick up a pen.

This is a letter. Editor, marriage takes years
off your life. Darken the thunder room.

Do it again, to bring in the sound
but none else of the rain.

I was raised up in that regional museum, Editor.
So now my bad bones must be looped tight with twill.

I'm cousins with that teepee, that cut of fresh buckskin.
I'm a bragger who lies through every red vow.

I went out on the path with the rest of the pride.
With the lions, the buffalo, the wolves. Set our jaws for fierce.

It was play-acting. I fell down like a marriage.
So did Jenny, nother mother. Only the divorcée stood her ground.

I am juicy with blood, Editor. Senator.
I pay you a visit inside of your column.

The rain pools my ears. Feels swallowed, like a kiss.
Darken that room again, where I hunt on the floor.

Bury your heart in me—
a fine felted thing to drop through my slot.

A LIST OF EXERCISES IN DRAWING

—from Parley's Magazine

- 11 A plum.
- 18 A fish.
- 19 A hatchet.
- 31 A large nail, to be drawn from the object ; the drawing to be the size of the object.
- *32 A face ; the lower part.
- 37 A pen, to be drawn from memory.
- 47 The plum, No. 11, may be drawn in the same way from memory.
- *49 A moth. The relative length and breadth of the body and wings should be estimated, and dots made for the extremities before the drawing is commenced. After the pupil's drawing is completed he may measure it against the original in a rough way, to find out his errors.
- 51 The three copies, Nos. 12, 14, 15, should be drawn over again that the pupil may discover how much better he can do them than on the first occasion.
- 61 A poker, from the object.

- 67 The pump and face, Nos. 23 and 24, to be drawn from memory.
- 71 An extinguisher or thimble, to be drawn in outline from the object.
- 74 Several kinds of leaves, from memory.
- 106 Perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique lines of various lengths, and each divided into two equal parts by a mark ; the parts may be afterwards measured by a bit of paper to ascertain their correctness.
- *127 A cheese.
- *131 A boy in a barrel. See remark at 54.
- 140 A potato, turnip, and carrot, to be drawn from general recollection.
- 142 A table fork, from general recollection ; to be corrected afterwards from the object itself.
- *144 A swan.
- 148 The face, No. 134, looking the other way.
- *152 A woman. The relative position of the main parts should be marked before the drawing is commenced.
- *154 A rabbit,
 *155 A porter, } See remark at No. 152.
 *156 A stile,

*164 Six mathematical figures to be copied several times, and of various sizes.

*179 A soup plate.

188 Perspective. Can you hold this slate or book so that it may appear as large as the door, or seem to cover the door?—or the window?—or the side of the room? Where must you place the slate to make it seem very small? (at a considerable distance.) Can you hold your pencil so that it shall seem as tall as the door? When do things appear largest?—smallest? If you were to take them further away, what would appear at last?

272 A bird, to be drawn from memory.

273 The same bird, to be drawn looking the other way.

*274 A book, in perspective. The pupil should also place a real book in a proper position, that it may be compared with the copy.

277 As many gates as the pupil recollects may next be drawn.

280 General exercise. What must you have given to you before you are able to draw? If you had no pencil, what could you have to draw with instead? What things will do for drawing on? Here is a leaf, could you draw it if you were to try? Could you draw it if you had never seen it? Could you draw it if it were away, provided you had once looked well at it? What should you call drawing in this last way? (Drawing from memory.) Could you draw the leaf if it were here, though it was quite dark?—if it were here but you were blindfolded?—if your hands were tied behind you? What else do you need to have before you can draw this leaf? Now try if you can tell me all the things that are needed to be had or done before the leaf could be drawn. Could

the cat draw the leaf if she had paper, pencil, and the leaf before her? Why could she not draw it? Could a baby draw it? Each question must be varied according to the pupil's preceding answer.

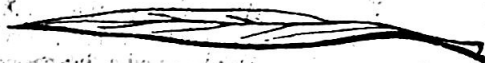
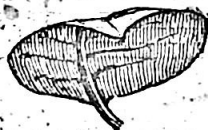
- 283 The sole of a shoe not in any way foreshortened, which is, in fact, a ground plan.
- 284 A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut through across ; also the cross section at an equal distance between the toe and the instep. A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut across half-way between the instep and heel. A section of the shoe, supposing it to be cut into two in its whole length.
- 285 A cart-wheel, from memory.
- 311 The boy jumping, No. 294, to be drawn jumping back again.
- *322 A monkey shaving.
- 377 The bridge, No. 385, to be described in words, or a written description to be given of it.
- 391 A distant tree, to be drawn from nature, the distance being such that the more minute details cannot be seen.
- 404 An ear from nature.
- 406 A closed hand from nature.
- 427 Boys at play.
- 440 The objects, Nos. 83, 89, 90 and 92, to be drawn of half the size of the copies, carefully, but with the utmost rapidity.

EXERCISES.

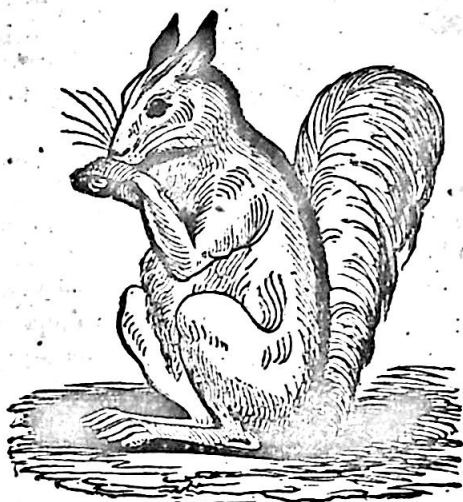
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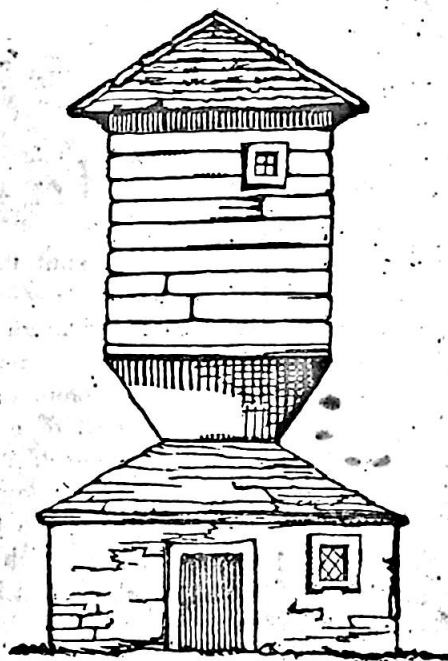
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No. 229.



No. 237.



from BRUSHES WITH

Emily Toder

9

A circle was dangling over me
it was full of matter
I began to smack it
it began to sprinkle
I got the matter all over me
it was like a birdfeeder
it was like the time in the cake
I did not know what it was suspended from
I am not suspended from anything, it said
I thought I knew what it was suspended from
probably this copper enormity
We all dangle somewhere, I cooed to it
it didn't like me
flurries came out of it
and it flurried for a long time
weapons and rebates came out of it
an empty circle would have been better
I told it that and it smacked me
we are all dangling in something
something's the dangler of all of us
it's ok to not know where you are
the circle ended and immediately began

There was a pentagon slab in the cemetery
a sparkling marble block curiously
respectful and I followed it
dignified it went in and out of the mausoleums
rotating its heavy self like it was not heavy
and kind of ripping the lawn paths
like they were not lawn paths
in its stilted rolling it kept shuffling
mutely spewing the dirt in its pivots
like it was not shuffling
I ducked behind a tree when it passed me
I leapt out at it
but then I calmly went up to it
Do you work here I asked it
it looked at me glum and sedimentary
there was a long pause
I got a nice look at all the specks in it
I detected quartz and felt vindicated
I detected calcite and felt nothing
it was a most detective moment for me
when I felt nothing at the five points
standing on all that dirt like it was dirt
The composite pentagon blankfaced
inclined its upper hut to me
It put its bouquet at my ankles
and ruffled me solemn
There is no one who is here who does not work here
Oh good because I am trying to locate someone
You interrupted me it said

from LITTLE COMMENTARIES

Suzanne Buffam

ON POSSIBILITY

Here comes the train from Tehuantepec
Bringing lovers and rice.
Bringing last night's dream of floating ponies
To today's rusty gate.

See the faces at the station look up.
See the mystery deepen.
There is no train from Tehuantepec.
Here it comes!

ON THE ENLIGHTENMENT

Take the thing you love most and cut it up.
Arrange the parts carefully
According to the picture in your head.
Now shine your mind at them.
If their laws come striding boldly forth at you
You will soon become a great man of your time.
If instead they just lie there on the table bleeding beauty
You are probably a poet or a child.

ON THE FIRE SERMON

Burning burning burning burning
Quotes T. S. Eliot
A man so famed
For his chilly demeanor
Not even his pipe
Seemed to give off smoke.

ON QUANDARINESS

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of Nova Scotia
Or the beauty of France,
Ducks landing on the saltmarsh,
Or poached in their own fat on my plate.

ON LOVE POEMS

A friend says relationships
Are only good for two poems:
One at the beginning
And one at the end.

Stevens says better to peddle
Pineapples than write love poems
Unless you happen to be
In love, that is.

When your lover shows up
With a basket of fruit,
Thank him in advance
For the poem you will one day receive.

ON RELATIVITY

A pygmy hippopotamus
Is roughly the size
Of a large family dog.

A capybara
Is an enormous guinea pig
Roughly the size

Of a very small horse.
The smallest horses
Wear very small shoes

Roughly the size
A fairly large person would wear
During infancy

A brief phase
If you are human
A lifetime

If you are a fly.

GIGANTISM

Rebecca Wolff

They cross you and uncross you
unnumberable

and you grow larger.

Infinite grandeur

hauteur

draw yourself up

to your full height

and more

You disobey me
and I outgrow you

I overgrow

Now, I'm not suggesting an ideology...

"And God was pleased to see that
Noah had stocked the ark
with hedgehogs"

PALISADES

Interred in region

nothing super global in this locale

where I live, where I
bought—

what would I tell you about it if I could?

What I see when I go up
what I see when I go down

the right hand side
left hand
shudder and roll of conveyance

that's just locked in motion.
That's just the place inside

Some poets find their place
in place

and naming it seems venturesome

that seems to me a tiresome—
and I wish no longer—.

Never interested
in reeds or rocks until

they lose their root in soil or sky around—

Get me out of here.

WORK CUT OUT FOR ME

Every day I take no pleasure in picking out clothes to wear.

My silken body
sheathed

His creepy

force of hood showing
through the vine
in a tight hug

laden, wired

inescapable
odor of excess like you've been eating

unwashed and I'm supposed to eat it

IT'S VERILY EACH, MY LOVE

Genevieve Kaplan

And I feel needy or traumatized on behalf of my own unkind mind,
horrible! Horrible! I'm washing your laundry instead of going
swimming
in the pool.

The wind does die in the air,
in the shimmering simmering air when the gentlemen down the block
park their Volkswagens in the street
horribly, crookedly. The old grove of trees of mine,
my sheltering kumquat and my unwieldy shrubs (recently watered
after last night's dinner) in my trauma—
and in my trauma the wind from the north arrives, forebodingly.
You are my grand, my grand machine and my machine for curiosity.
Why do you stand in the way of my washing
instead of helping out with what has to be done?
In the night you search for my kind heart, during my mild night
you bark
up my tree, my kumquat,
your knees swollen
your undergarments unraveling around your thighs,
and your baby teeth
your uppers and lowers
are erratic.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Anselm Berrigan

history pops
noble usury, redemption
dusting off the rubble
for an unrated peek: cushy, etc.
resistance, etc.
existence threatened
indie section
on demand
street selling a future option:
handing out
poems like the free
cell guy.
That 300 unconsciously reflected
a culture losing its mind
is what I liked
about it.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Nonidentification has its rewards.
I wonder about dating the page
as an overexertion of personal
marking so as to create "history."
Hey dude. In the sightless ocean
deep, red-colored shrimp can't
see red. Certain fishies that naturally

produce red light dine well at
the expense of such weakness.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Missed yr duration while streaming
forth backwards gazing to isolate
paunchable staid vitriolic intimacy
within the just purely not believable
destruction of Troy. Nope.

Now I'm fusticating flarf suppositories
in my own bought-into home. But
my truths equate to, are as, desert
holes, secreted in absentia, tears.
Mine. Boom. It is like that around me.
Ask the animals. Senility managing
back page stability.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Tone Dead, I mean deaf
she calls me
with joy.

"Unprofessional"
a punk from Hell calls me.

I should

do

research?

HAVE A GOOD ONE

It's a comfort to pine
for a drill sergeant.

Be eating out yourself
some time & smile at me

but don't come to me.
Impressive mind, not in skull.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Schwag measures the night
 meaning I've been through
the drawers of this stranger's house
 & found the path
 to mild depravity.

Have I not walked it before
 by anyone's standards?
 Anyone's high
 nonexclusionary
 standards?

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Stop telling me
I look tired.
I know

what I look
like. Tell me
how I feel.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Chilled crap garage or
fuck you? For my part
it's been an honor to
be at someone's service
though it's diminished
my expiration date
and my astral self-
projection has already
fled in bitter tears
having used up even
addiction. But my
physical self really
gets politics, baseball
and the art of listening
now. And I still have
friends. More, even.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

When they kill us
they'll find us
 attracted to their
 forms

followed by
a new Man Vs.
Wild

HAVE A GOOD ONE

I think you should win

HAVE A GOOD ONE

I don't name animals.
I don't steal their forms.
The water sprayer does not
stalk my automatic rage.
Barbarian camps circa 235
A.D. are hardly worthy of
condemnation fifteen hundred
years later. Goodbye health
plan. Goodbye semimotivated
half-life of an identity.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

It's no small amount
of information, the history
of food production, my name
being soft eerie music. There's
a they for you
out there. There

is?

There

is.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

17 watching Simon's apartment
summer of '90; bought acid
at Washington Square Park

to peak under Times Square lights.
Would all be very different
now had the shit been real.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Tell it what it is.

HAVE A GOOD

ONE

I've been punished into caring

about how it all shakes out for
us too. Resentment does drive

me into the arms of that or who
I resist, momentarily. I will

drink your father's wine & move on
You won't care. A thank you note

may will itself your way in some
store-bought form. Make me

stop telling the form to rethink
its life. Pleather clouds beckon

to us assassins. That's your
whole fucking work, enemy.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

So what
that you're
independent.
Everyone here
is independent.
That's why we
can be nukers.

Call me down
but don't play
it like you're
so free
it doesn't matter
how thoroughly
you've humiliated me.

HAVE A GOOD ONE

Finally, I'm okay with spiders.
I'd like an ugly president. I just
smashed a creature. I quit drinking

and lost eight pounds. I think
many formally expressed ideas
sound familiar. I discovered
recently that God's death was
the Big Bang. I'm half of being
halfway through a pregnancy. I'm
not speaking enough with family.
I'm leaning towards the avant-garde
as quaint. I broke my resolution.
I'm broaching the limits of not
driving's integrity. I'm losing more
vision in the right eye. I remembered
firing a semiautomatic rifle as a preteen
this past summer. I'm being pestered
by some fly. I'm happy within working.
I'm unable to answer many e-mails.

I LOVE KARATE

Nick Twemlow

I love karate. I love karate so much I sweat karate steak dinners. I love karate so much I eat karate cereal in the morning, karate sandwiches for lunch, and karate haiku for pleasure. But like a good karateka (that's the technical term for highly skilled karate person) I don't eat karate dessert. You know why? Because dessert takes the edge off. You might ask, Off what? but if you do, I'll perform a random karate move on you, as I did my mother when she tried to serve me non-karate cereal, one morning. That was the morning when I realized that I was a true karateka. I refused the Empire's cereal. If you are a true karateka, you are a rogue. Rogues don't like the Empire. This means that rogues spend a lot of time building dojos in the woods. A dojo is the technical name for a rogue who spends a lot of time building cabins in the woods. There are some karate moves that I can't show you. Those are secret karate moves. Like all karate moves, they are designed to kill. But these secret strikes kill faster and harder. They are to regular karate moves what hardcore is to softcore pornography. I was sensitive once, but karate got rid of that. Now, I am tough on the inside as well as the outside. For example, if I was in the Oval Office partying with the President, smoking some grass (which I'd fake doing because karatekas don't smoke grass) I'd ask him to repeat what he said about kicking evil's ass and then I'd ask him to show me how he'd do it. Since I know the President isn't a karateka, I'd administer a very secret strike on him at the moment he showed me how he'd do it. That's pretty much how I'd do things. I want karate to be in the Olympics in Beijing because I want to be on the team and travel to Beijing and win a gold medal. Or at least that's what I'd trick everyone into thinking I was doing. Part of being a good karateka means bolstering the Chinese economy. Sort of like ninjas except a karateka can beat a ninja fourteen out of ten times. So while people would think I wanted to go to Beijing to win a

gold medal and hang out in the Olympic Village and have a really good time with all the other athletes and media and officials and tourists and stuff, I'd really have a secret agenda. Secret agendas are pretty common for most karatekas. Secret agendas ensure that no matter what you say, you really don't mean it. So when everyone else was having a good time at the Olympics in Beijing, seeing how Communism is really good on the citizens of China because the government rounded up, the year before, tens of thousands of homeless people and relocated them to work details in provincial labor camps, I'd slip out at night and administer random karate moves on officials of the Empire. This happened a lot in Atlanta, too, when we held the Olympics. The part about the homeless, I mean.

ADULT SITUATIONS

Brett Fletcher Lauer

FOUND TEXT COMPOSED OF MOVIE DESCRIPTIONS
FROM ONLINE TV GUIDES

A former soldier tries to rescue a kidnapped nuclear physicist from a terrorist who wants her to create warheads.

A corporate climber, whose boss and others use his apartment for hanky-panky, aids a young woman.

A litigious brother-in-law urges an injured TV cameraman to sue.

A declared-dead man hides out with a widow after his wife and her lover botch his murder.

The Russian inventor of a new marine propeller falls in love with a woman in 1939 London.

The amateur sleuth has a killer, a gangster, and the police on his trail.

An assistant New York district attorney works and flirts with his adversary and her kooky artist client.

A checkout girl covering for a coworker faces danger from a drug dealer she double-crosses out of desperation.

Evil partners experiment on an infant and send his twin to a reputable research nursery.

Four teenage outcasts use mental and physical powers to punish their high-school tormentors.

An insurance salesman joins would-be heirs and the butler in a mansion with a millionaire's corpse.

Three inept private eyes try to catch a killer gorilla at a spooky mansion.

A law enforcement officer from Earth seeks vengeance for his brother's mysterious death on Mars.

A dishonest lawyer must prove he is not a killer.

Genetically engineered piranha head for a beach resort.

A man takes singing lessons from drag-queen neighbor.

People hide in a house from carnivorous walking corpses revived by radiation fallout.

An innocent couple faces life in prison after false accusations of child molestation.

Explosives ace helps woman get revenge in Miami.

A giant mutated lizard wreaks havoc in New York.

An undercover policeman tries to thwart an old friend, now a Los Angeles gang leader.

David and Kathy spend half of their third date lying and the other half confessing.

Mystery writer and her friends are stalked by a faceless throat-ripper in a haunted house.

Rival reporters mix romance with work as they hunt an apartment-house killer.

A doctor injects himself with ape fluid and turns hairy; he needs human fluid to turn back.

While blackmailing a corrupt police officer, a man becomes involved with two women.

No-frills policewoman is ordered to protect a pampered actress who has witnessed a murder.

From a sanitarium morgue slab, a corpse tells how she died and who was involved in her death.

Sent to a Wyoming summer camp, troublemaking surfer twins are mistaken for forest-ranger recruits.

A fourteen-year-old orphan becomes an NBA basketball player after he finds a pair of magic sneakers.

An all-powerful New York gossip columnist gives a press agent some dirty work.

A woman gives etiquette lessons to her reluctant granddaughter who is heir apparent to a throne.

A conspirator turns an arrogant ruler into a llama.

CONDUCTUS

James Grinwis

When passion for one's line of work
crosses one's own primitiveness
the result is a form of grunt.
Like a pelican picked off
by a surfacing shark, or a scrupulous observer
ceasing to be. Maureen, of the tribe
of the sad and lovely, entered the apartment
like a pelvic thrust,
having spent days walking alone
around the tundra, to put a cast on life,
in green hue. Some camels swayed past,
and the sun placed their shadows
roundly on the stones.
The mist glared, with unmistlike
strength, and the miniature cities
I had worked all night on
quietly evaporated.
The dwellings in the clouds turned
to sponge, like tongues; lizard tongues,
skimming the fruitful waves.

WHERE BUSHES PERIODICALLY
BURN, CHILDREN FEAR OTHER
CHILDREN: GIRLS

Camille Dungy

whose scornings are flint on dry rock
which—don't we know—is all the heart afforded
a certain type: untended, magnifying boys.

oh fickle lens! oh smoke and smoldering beetle!
oh thwarted desire in foothills of brush
and now flame.

DIRECTED BY DESIRE

(JORDAN)

As God is my witness, so help me God:because/it's about my anger:
Because you got more guns:Believe it love:Beloved/where I have been:
Black men sleep homeless:Bursting soft but kept by the structure of a
spine:

But if I tell you how my heart swings wide:Calling you from my kitchen
to the one where you cook:Daddy at the stove or sink. Large:Even then/
in the attenuated light:Faces I have never seen before:Fallen on the
street:

~::~~

Good bye:he calls me from his house and:He did not/*He did so*:
He ordered a beer:Hello/I was watching the war:Hello/I'm sorry/
I can't talk to you:How do we come to be here next to each other:

~::~~

I am alone:I know it's an unfortunate way to say it, but:
I like love anonymous:I live in subtraction:I never thought I'd keep a
record
of my pain:I think/I have decided:I will love who loves me:knowing
or not:

Let me be: Lover help me love:My sadness sits around me:Not looking
now and then I find you here:Now/then/unexpectedly:Once in a while:

Outside tonight the moon is not a fantasy: Only our hearts will argue
hard:



plum blossom plum jam: Quit?/Save?: Return is not a way
of going forward: Supposing we could just go on and on as two:
The breath continues but the breathing: The complexity is like your legs:



The point is not to pacify the soul: There are things lovely and dangerous
still: There had been death: There had been fire: There is no chance that
we will fall
apart: This is a new development/this: This is a trip that strangers make:

We agree/about the suffering: Well then let it all go: What happens
when a dog sits on a tiger: You done what you done: You have/two hands
absolutely lean and clean: You said it: You would shrink back/jump up

CHOKING YOU

Lynn Melnick

I am strings from my garment and suddenly loud,
a sight with more skin than hands. I went to each home
with you for a very long time. Up in a bungalow
with ankles and tender, you sleep from substance

so good night sweetheart. Let me glance at your neck,
pasty and frail. Let me think how easy it would be.
Forget the guesthouse where you struck me to the floor
in spinning beverage: inevitable. I am still a gypsy,

a bloodsport, a worm. One hundred essays on the same subject.
But look my beloved at the quilt I made; I didn't
lift a finger. Shall I address, undress, haul you back
from air? Are you perhaps yet dead? You and me,

we're sticky and frantic, we're tired but I, being more
grown with my own roof above, can sleep now too,
knowing if I left, taking my hands with me, yours
would still be there, unsure, unstrung, and choking you.

LONG WEEKEND II

Collier Nogues

Windmills in West Texas twice, once going (the headstone not in place yet, still a plastic marker), once coming back. In every house

she'd lived, she'd hung crystals in the kitchen window. We took yours down. The first irises opened just hours later, in the dark

of the side yard.

When the news about your mother came
I thought I wouldn't know what to tell you about grieving,

though when I lie flat on a wood floor I remember how I did it.
My cotton blanket looks like your cotton blanket except yours is
electric.

CHICKEN-SITTING

We didn't even hear the dogs: everything is a big deal to chickens.

The desire to

bind the other to oneself, the urge to abandon the other in the thin trees
of the park and drive

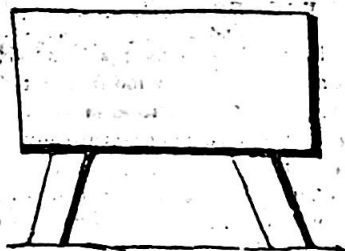
alone, safely, to a sunny spot in the grass of one's own yard.

I like your problems. I like that you wear pink.

Little Chinese fans of clouds, and then vertebrae.

I liked being up at that hour but I didn't like why.

No. 1.



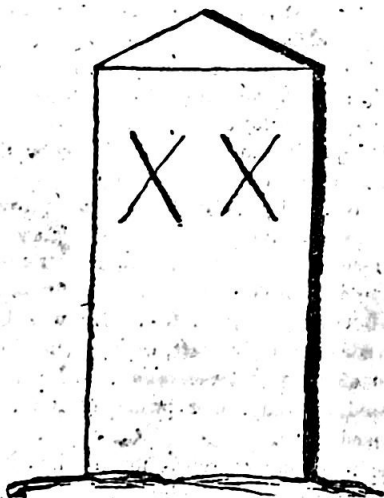
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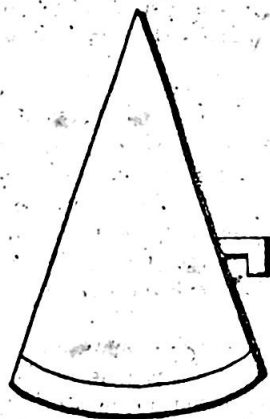
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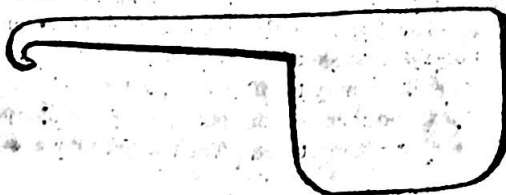
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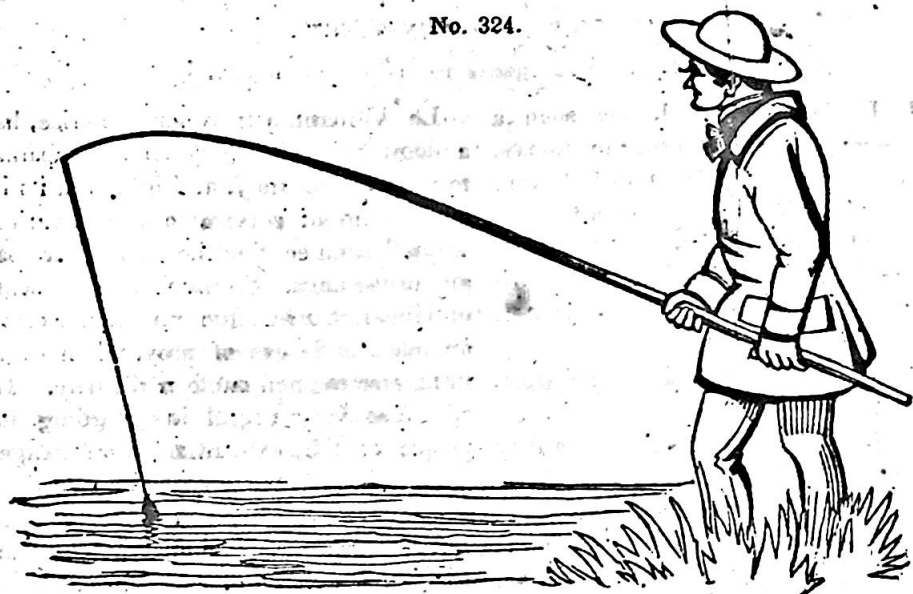
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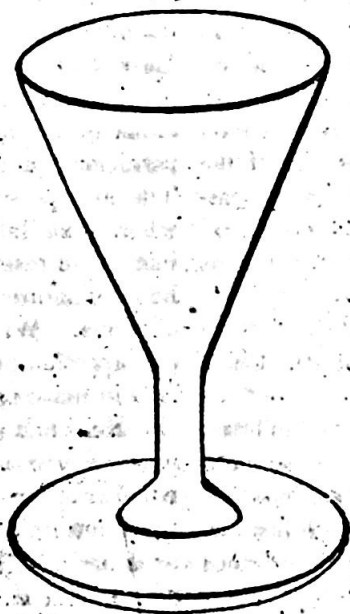
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No. 325.



BLACK LINE DRAWING

David Lau

Thug chandelier big time
and back down, man
with a dirty carrot in his mouth
at the bottom of some ladders that fabricate
watoosies. Platitude in the latitude
of the beatitudes. Shin.
FedEx-ualized ices tuba the poppy,
the post is kind. Please come. I love you very
much now. More than ever. I may die. You vary.

CIVIL WAR

I read, I write, I hate my life word after word.
Telescoping Mercury remains
a Septembrist in burglary,
eyebrows an overthrow

spring, snaky splinter
signal to another season, oppositional
turn back on the first day of the new?
The more mortal each jealous mischief/

All men are murderers the more the uneaten
fell out of charge as poems without words
(& i.e. etc./CSPN e.g. Enron
found in the anthology of aging aleatory broadsides),

our hundred-spoke limo wheels,
worked for two months in the Plaza Centre,
an Irvine Co. strip mall. Winded, changed,
sexual difference

made how we are San Diego
glow-bulge red snapper.
Pugnacious November.
Spielung a cackle for flute—asterisk—Iron

dawn
two weeks earlier. Awful
arcing calla spathe
most not alive, I wasn't afraid to die,

insensate, drugged, high
and the last Levi's plant barred its doors with oars
as the vegetarian told Pamela
he was taking good care of her lame horse.

LAKE POWELL, AZ

Ian Harris

From the canyon rim
I can hear the margarita blenders
of houseboats I wish destruction on.

For them to be visited upon
by a biblical wave. Oh holy day.
For the river to fill with snowbirds

clinging to sandwich fixings and flesh-
colored medical equipment,
pill dispensers, small dogs, birds of paradise

that are not birds but flowers that are not flowers
but floral motifs. Sofa cushions. Oh holy day.
May they float away and float away.

INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD RORTY

I conducted this interview almost five years ago for a film I co-wrote and directed about the Statue of Liberty called *Lady by the Sea*. The making of the film itself was an adventure, and meeting Richard Rorty was the high point. Simply put, Rorty is one of my heroes.

He was, without question, one of this country's most important philosophical voices. Rorty graced many institutions with his presence, beginning with the University of Chicago, where he enrolled at the age of fifteen. He taught at Princeton University, the University of Virginia, and finally at Stanford University, where he was professor emeritus of comparative literature. For Rorty, who exemplified the best in American pragmatism, philosophy was just another literary genre.

Rorty is, of course, best known for his books, the most renowned of which are *Philosophy and the Mirror of Nature* (1979), *Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity* (1989), *Philosophy and Social Hope* (2000), and his four volumes of collected papers. *Achieving Our Country*, published in 1997, is his most provocative work, irksome to both leftists and right-wingers. Rorty had as little use for the likes of Reagan and Bush as he did for what he so memorably dubbed the "spectatorial left." Despite our many failings and horrors, he believed in the moral progress of America. He loved his country deeply.

He also loved poetry. Not long before he died of pancreatic cancer a little over a year ago, Rorty published a final piece in *Poetry* magazine called "The Fire of Life." "I now wish that I had spent more of my life with verse," he concluded. "Cultures with richer vocabularies are more fully human—farther removed from the beasts—than those with poorer ones; individual men and women are more fully human when their memories are amply stocked with verses."

—KENT JONES

I want to start with something concrete, which is the Statue of Liberty itself, and what it means to people, what it does for people. What a symbol like that can mean. It's been so yoked over the years for commercial purposes, and it's been tied to a very conservative form of pro-Americanism.

My own experience of it started in the late '30s. My parents were leftist journalists living in Brooklyn. We lived in Park Slope, so it was pretty easy to get a good view of the statue. In those days, Jewish refugees, scholars, journalists, poets were coming in to New York every week. My parents would see them, entertain them, host them, stuff like that. My first association with the statue was with Jewish refugees from Hitler—this was a cliché during the period. There were lots of movies showing Jewish refugees looking at the statue from the boat as it entered the harbor, and that's how I originally started thinking of it.

I was too young to realize that the flow of Jewish refugees was actually extremely limited, and that the people who got over here were an incredibly fortunate fraction of Hitler's victims.

I'm thinking of the incident with the St. Louis¹ and the people who were turned around. . . .

Yeah. There were similar incidents of appeals to Roosevelt and to the State Department to do something in individual cases, to open the gates slightly. There was a whole series of initiatives that failed to increase the flow of refugees.

That brings up an interesting point that you make very forcefully, which is that in history mistakes are made, such as the Japanese internments and the turning away of the St. Louis. In the eyes of a lot of current thinkers, these mistakes tarnish the whole picture. These terrible incidents occurred during

the Roosevelt administration, and yet Roosevelt is now seen as one of our greatest presidents.

Roosevelt quite consciously and deliberately led the country into a war against Hitler that it didn't want to take part in, and so you could say that he saved Europe and the surviving Jews from a fate that we can hardly imagine. It is hard to be mad at the man. On the other hand, he did lots and lots of things throughout his presidency that were pretty horrible. My parents ran an outfit called the Citizen's Committee to Save Colored Locomotive Firemen's Jobs, which was an attempt to get some wartime jobs for black people and was connected with the Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission that Roosevelt set up. A. Philip Randolph, the black leader, was the one who got Roosevelt to set up the commission. He believed that he had a commitment for blacks in the war industry. In fact Roosevelt appointed Paul V. McNutt, a racist governor from Indiana supported by the Ku Klux Klan, to administer the commission, so it was a joke! Roosevelt was always doing things like that. He was always taking away with one hand what he'd given with another. On the other hand, in the longer term, history is going to think he was wonderful.

Rightfully?

Sure. One can say about Roosevelt the sort of thing that Chomsky once said about America, at the end of an interview in which he went through all the usual things that he hates about American policy. At which point the interviewer asked him something like: "Well, what do you think of the country as a whole?" And he firmly said: "It's the greatest country in the world!" And it is. And Roosevelt was the greatest president of the century, even though the country and Roosevelt did inexcusable things over and over and over again.

There's a strong leftist current equating these inexcusable things with original sin.

I think it's just a strategy that the Left uses to say, "You are not innocent. You've forgotten this. You've deliberately forgotten that. Remember what you did." Of course, it's a mistake to think of the bad things a person or a nation does as tarnishing them, and the whole idea of being tarnished or untarnished is pretty stupid. But it does help the Left to make these criticisms, just to keep the historical memory of injustice alive. Without such memories, we'll never get any better.

I wonder how we can move beyond that, to a point where we can actually say, "Okay, now this has to happen."

The same way we do in our individual lives, I think. I mean, we move past the lock, the things that we ourselves are bitterly ashamed of. We say to ourselves something like, "Well, there's still some good left in me. Maybe even in the rest of my life I can do some good." Nations have to say pretty much the same thing.

You talked about the progress that's been made during the twentieth century, but what about the course of American history from the nineteenth century to now? How did the experiment play out from the very beginning?

I'm not sure that our country has a continuous history. Our history is so sharply interrupted by the Civil War that it's very difficult to put the first half of nineteenth century together with the second half, at least in my imagination. I've never been able to do it. I've never been able to put the world of, say, Theodore Roosevelt together with the world of John Quincy Adams. Maybe historians who have a better sense of the sequence of events can do it, but I just can't. The world just seems too different, and the rapidness of technological advance in the second half of the nineteenth

century gave Roosevelt an utterly different country to run than the one Adams had run. I don't know how to think about those two eras of the country in the same terms.

Some people have given up on the idea of the nation-state. But isn't that all we have? What can we do on a personal or grassroots level to move the nation to a better place?

I think that the end of the nation-state will come only if the nations become so scared of what will happen in the twenty-first century that they are willing to give up more and more of their sovereignty—in order to have an effective international antiterrorist police force, for instance. In order to take the burden of antiterrorism off of individual governments and make it a United Nations affair. I think that is not inconceivable. I'm not sure that individual citizens of nation-states can do much, but I think the people who run the nation-states may gradually realize that the problems are bigger than they are able to handle as national governments. Then it will be the job of the national leaders to persuade the citizens that a certain measure of sovereignty needs to be abandoned. Perhaps more and more sovereignty as the century goes along.

Do you think that the old cliché "write your congressman" is still viable?

No, I don't really. I would like to think that it still makes sense to write to your congressman, but in fact I never find myself doing it. And I suppose if I did think it might have some effect, I actually would. Every once in a while I sign one of these massive petitions without much hope that that will do any good. In the first place, Congress is amazingly corrupt. The level of corruption is easily comparable to what Twain satirized in *The Gilded Age*. We've set up a system where members of Congress can't think about anything except the next election and where their campaign funds are coming from. The general level of corruption and the absence

of independent-minded members of Congress and the cowardice of the ones who do have independent minds is so great that it is hard to imagine that writing them is going to help. I suppose the cowardice is not so much their fault, but the fault of the system. If I were a left-wing member of Congress hoping for reelection, I would do all kinds of cowardly things in order to ensure it.

In the second place, I think that the kind of big political decisions that have to be made from time to time by the executive branch—for instance, involving the turnover of sovereignties to international organizations—are so momentous that only a leader on the scale of Roosevelt could manage them. That is something that the president has to do on his own, or that a presidential candidate hoping to be elected on that platform has to do on his or her own, and then take it to Congress. But I think Congress isn't going to budge an inch in these matters unless a political figure emerges as a presidential candidate who tells the citizens it is time that we did something differently, who convinces enough citizens so that Congress feels forced to go along.

Would public election funding make a dent in the situation?

Election funding reform would certainly help, but I think that probably, although I hate to say, it would really take something like a national disaster. The refusal of the Asian countries to buy American Treasury Bonds, another terrorist attack . . . something so dramatic that the political class had to respond with something other than routine measures. This might bring forth a leader who could, without trying for dictatorial powers, work within the system to bring about some kind of change. Roosevelt was able to give us the New Deal simply because the country was almost collapsing. Bush has been able to do a lot of stuff that he never could possibly have done if it hadn't been for 9/11. If Gore had been president at the time of 9/11, he too would have had to do

something dramatic. But I doubt he would have done the things Bush did. At least not the Iraq war. . . .

Can you define what you meant by someone on the “scale” of Roosevelt?

I think the remarkable thing about Roosevelt was his willingness to take responsibility for changes that nobody had ever thought of making. He appreciated the gravity of the situation. Both in the '30s, with the American economy in collapse, and in 1944, 1945, when he realized that something bigger and better than the League of Nations was necessary and actually persuaded the American people to go along with the United Nations. It sometimes is forgotten how passionately the country was devoted to the United Nations in 1945. It really meant something. Roosevelt made Hollywood produce a movie called *Wilson* in '44, about Wilson's failure to get the League through the Senate, and it was a beautiful piece of propaganda that worked superbly. A less unscrupulous president than Roosevelt wouldn't have thought of telling Hollywood to prepare the foundations of an international organization by making a very effective propaganda film. But Roosevelt did.

Since we've been focusing on Roosevelt, I'd like to look at Lincoln, another president who turned things around in a time of crisis. What are the similarities between Roosevelt and Lincoln, and what are the differences?

I think that Roosevelt and Lincoln are comparable in the good they did for the nation, but we admire Lincoln much more because we think of him as a more honest man. We also think of him as the author of the Gettysburg Address and the second inaugural, and simply as pieces of prose they're enough to make anybody immortal. Roosevelt never wrote anything like that. No other president has ever written anything like that. I still have no idea how somebody who never had any formal education was able to produce those documents. But, you know,

he became the wonder of the earth, as much for the prose as for the political actions.

There is something that Gary Wills said in his book about Lincoln and Gettysburg,² to the effect that with that speech he remade the Declaration of Independence into our primary document, thus displacing the Constitution.

What Wills said about the Gettysburg Address made a lot of sense. It seems to be accepted by more and more people who write about Lincoln and the American nineteenth century that somehow the occasion and the Gettysburg Address really was a pivotal moment. I had to memorize the Gettysburg Address when I was in elementary school—I suspect that pretty much every American kid memorized the Gettysburg Address. I think it distracted public attention from the question of states' rights. Before the Civil War it was still possible for an American to identify strongly with Pennsylvania or South Carolina or Vermont or something like that. After the Civil War, perhaps to some extent as a result of the Gettysburg Address and Lincoln's redirection of the nation, and, of course, the defeat of the states' rights movement with the outcome of the Civil War itself, we became a nation in a sense that we hadn't been a nation before. And I think Wills is good at showing some of how that was done. The Constitution, after all, is mainly a document about the relation between the states and the federal government. And after the Civil War the question of that relation was much less interesting than the question, What are we, the great free democracy, to make of ourselves?

Wills asserts that it was Lincoln who invented the virtually religious notion of the American idea. In the long run, do you think that this has been a valuable thing?

I think it's been the greatest thing that's ever happened to the world. I mean, I think that the combination of Whitman and Lincoln, the kind

of idealism with which those two men provided America, despite the Gilded Age, despite the robber barons, despite everything—it made America a beacon. All over the world people looked to America not because it was rich but because it was free, and because it offered promises no other country was offering. I don't think the Social Democratic movements in Europe would ever have had the force they did without the American example. America lagged way behind Europe in actually creating welfare states, but the idea of what a country could be was important not just for the labor union in the United States but for such movements all over the world.

And at what point do you think things started to unravel in America?

I don't think that things began to unravel until the '70s. After the Second World War, there was still an enormous amount of hopefulness. Some of it centered on the United Nations, some of it centered on the fact that the gap between the rich and the poor was suddenly shrinking and that there was something like a very large, relatively homogenous middle class emerging to replace the old prewar power structure. But with the defeat of McGovern, the oil shock of '73, and all the events that led up to Reagan's election in '80, something did start to unravel: the youth no longer had this kind of hope. They had put all their chips on McGovern, and his defeat seemed to suggest that the system could never cure itself. So you lost the idealism of youth. In 1980, a majority of the Princeton undergraduates voted for Reagan. The Princeton faculty just couldn't believe what had happened. You know, these were the kids who had been tearing the place apart ten years earlier, and all of a sudden the little bastards were voting Republican. That I really don't understand. I don't see why the failure of the McGovern campaign should have killed off the hopes of a generation, but I think it did. The failure of the Dean campaign is likely to do the same thing if it fails.

His new strategy of distancing himself from Clinton and the war might be a winning one.

If it is, that would make a real change. If it fails, nobody is going to try it for another thirty years.

What would it take to reinvigorate hope?

I hate to say that it takes political leadership, but I'm not sure that there is any substitute for that kind of charismatic leader. It is a terrible thing on which to place one's hopes in what is supposed to be a democracy, but democracies do need charismatic leaders. Without Lincoln we would not be the democracy that we are. Without Roosevelt we wouldn't be the welfare state—approximately—that we currently are. It takes something like a miracle led from the top to change a country of this size.

How do you think "the Democratic Experiment," the term coined by Jefferson, has gone?

I think that in the twentieth century, it showed steady progress. The progressive movement, and then the labor movement—by fits and starts with a hiatus under Harding and Coolidge, and a revival under Roosevelt—changed the situation of the working class in the country. From 1950 onward, the situation of blacks, women, and gays changed enormously, through the workings of public opinion. That's just the way in which moral change should take place in a democratic society. I think there's been enormous moral progress in the course of the twentieth century. It could all be reversed if things go really badly. If, as a result of further terrorist attacks, the government simply takes all power into its own hands, appeals to racist feelings, appeals to homophobic feelings—which, I think, some elements of the administration are perfectly capable of doing—everything could go wrong again. But if you look at

where the country came out in 2000 compared to 1900, it is just fantastic. There's now an absence of true horrors in the slums. God knows the ghettos are bad enough, but compared to the slums of 1900 they look pretty good. There's the absence of segregated drinking fountains. When I was a boy in Tennessee, everything was segregated. I did not expect segregation to end in my lifetime, but it did. Half the public in America now thinks that gay marriage is probably okay. I would never have predicted that one. I would never have predicted a substantial core of women in the Senate, in Congress, in the federal judiciary, in the ranks of the chief executives and controlling universities, and so on. I mean, all these things took me by surprise.

And the civil rights movement was the turning point.

I think that was the big breakthrough. The sit-ins in the '50s provided the moral inspiration for everything that followed. When the blacks took things into their own hands and stopped relying on the white liberals who urged them to be patient and began civil disobedience, it unleashed not just the end of segregation but the women's movement, the gay and lesbian movement—practically every good thing that has happened in the country. The moral character of America today owes practically everything to the black activists of the '50s.

I think it was in the paper you wrote about human rights culture³ in which you made the point that whenever a problem is solved, then another problem is inevitably produced. What do you think are the problems which resulted from that surge of activism and its positive effects?

I think the main problem created by the success of the civil rights movements and its sequels was the backlash, the so-called Republican Southern strategy, and the rise of evangelical Christianity as a political force. The whole tenor of evangelical Christianity is individual salvation, as opposed

to the kind of Christianity which was expressed in what we used to call the social gospel. There is no social gospel Christianity left in America to speak of, except in a few small, elite denominations. The evangelicals just won't have any part of it. When we lost the religious "oompf" behind social change, we lost a great deal. And in the religious revival, for some reason we got a huge proportion of citizens who believed all kinds of weird stuff: stuff that nobody in the country believed thirty years ago now is common coin. This I don't understand. In Europe, there has been no religious revival. On the contrary, church attendance has been going down, down, down for the last fifty years, and indeed accelerating in decline. In our country, this religious revival is unique. It is the only great democracy in which there's been a return of religion. It seems to me a very dangerous phenomenon. I don't understand either Reagan's election or evangelical Christianity. As the conservatives put it, I'm out of touch with the country.

The purging of the liberal elements from the Southern Baptist Convention in the late '70s and the election of Bush II seem like a continuation of the phenomenon. But do you think that the mingling of church and state, despite the best efforts of Jefferson, has always been built into the American character?

I think that the separation of church and state is something that's been popular at some times and not popular at others. Religion returns in waves and recedes in waves, for reasons that I've never been able to grasp. On the other hand, secularism has been dominant at many moments in American life. There've been periods in American life when Jefferson's saying—that it does me no harm if my neighbor believes in twenty gods or in no gods—was just American common sense. It isn't American common sense at the moment. It might be again some day. But again, I don't understand what forces cause this view to go in and out of popularity.

Here's what I take to be at the core of your own dream of a utopian state of affairs: that everyone will be able to think through every question on their own,

without resorting to belief systems or givens, but with an ability to think through contingencies, specifics, and generalities; to arrive at their own conclusions; and then to work through the issues, one at a time. To immediately grasp the difference between the abstract and the specific. This is a very secular view. Do you feel that the degree of religiosity built into so much political rhetoric impedes the progress toward your ideal?

Religious rhetoric turns up on the conservative side more frequently than on the liberal side, because there is a large component in religion that suggests that God has a plan and nothing human beings can do can really take precedence over what's been divinely ordained. What we always wanted for America was a public that was experimental, that was willing to say, "Well, let's try desegregating, or let's try gay marriage, or let's try joining the United Nations, or let's try nuclear disarmament," or something like that. And the Right in America has been able to use religious motives in order to say, "Let's not do anything different, because the past is ordained by God." It doesn't seem a priori necessary that religion should show up on the conservative side, but nine times out of ten it does.

At its worst, it's a way of asserting, We don't have to think together, we can just believe together.

The temptation to find one's sense of community in one's church rather than in one's nation is another way of saying why religion tends to be a conservative force. Because if you think you belong to the saved or the good as opposed to being a citizen of the country, you may think, "The country is going to blazes, but at least we—the saved, the good—are still on the side of God." If that isn't available, it's less easy to lose one's sense of responsible citizenship.

But responsible citizenship can also be made available, as you said before, through the church itself.

Sometimes the churches can be mobilized, as Martin Luther King organized the black churches. Whenever people in America defend religion from the Left, they always say, "Hey, look what Martin Luther King did," and of course it's perfectly true. Without the black churches, the civil rights movement wouldn't have gotten off the ground. On the other hand, if you sort of tally all the things that the churches did on the wrong side as opposed to the things they've done on the right side, they don't look very good.

I want to circle back to your earlier point about the need for charismatic leaders. Are they the ones who are going to allow young people to dream of the future in a hopeful way?

A rejuvenating force for a country doesn't necessarily have to come from a charismatic political candidate, but I'm not sure it doesn't have to come from some charismatic individual or individuals. King wasn't exactly a political candidate, but he was charismatic, and he did transform the country. I was there in '63 when he gave the "I have a dream" speech, and it worked. That speech became the watchword for a generation. I don't know why except, you know, King was the right man in the right place in the same way that Roosevelt had been in the right place at the right time.

The national security situation and the alarmism in the administration have many antecedents—the Palmer raids⁴ after World War I, the Japanese internment camps. How does that jibe with what we call the Democratic Experiment? Is it a case of the jitters—that when we're attacked we're automatically going to curtail our freedoms?

I think that the ability of the Secret Police or the Ministry of Justice or the Security Organization to grab control of the country doesn't have much to do with American national history or the national consciousness or the national mood. You can just count on people like Palmer or J. Edgar

Hoover or Himmler or Beria to do everything they can to get all the levers of power in their own hands.⁵ Whenever a country is threatened, a military leader, a police leader, an FBI director, someone in the ministry of justice, someone in that kind of position, will make some kind of power grab. I think people like that have always been waiting in the wings in every country at every epoch.

Let's get back to the original subject, which is the Statue of Liberty. What do you think a symbol like the statue or the Liberty Bell can offer to people?

I think the word *liberty* has by now been sort of drained of its usefulness. Insofar as it still means something to people, it's because they identify it with liberty from some particular thing which has been important in their lives. Liberty from a certain government, liberty from a certain employer, liberty from a certain prejudice—something in particular. I doubt the Liberty Bell itself has much resonance anymore, because nobody really remembers that we were once a colony of Great Britain. The Statue of Liberty still has a great deal of importance, because it's a place into which people project all their hopes for the country. Nobody projects hope into the bell, but the statue is just the right thing to project hope into. And what hopes are projected depends on what you think is wrong with the country.

Why is it the right thing in which to project your hopes?

I don't know why the statue is so effective. Perhaps just because it's been the incarnation of so many hopes over the years that it's sort of there waiting for us to project something on to it. But, of course, I suppose the better answer might be that so many of our parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents thrilled at the sight of the statue. There is a sense in which most Americans, not African Americans, not Hispanic Americans, but Americans who descended from European immigrants, think of

their ancestors' experience of the statue when they think of what they like about America.

The statue was originally envisioned and planned by abolitionists, and that the association with immigration came later. Ellis Island, which is right across the bay from the statue, didn't open until 1890. And that became the great narrative—coming in from the long voyage, seeing the statue, going to Ellis, and then going into New York. But when the statue first went up, immigrants were still landing at Castle Point across the harbor and going right into the mainland. The statue is of the goddess of liberty, the Roman goddess worshiped by Greek slaves, freed Roman slaves, and she has broken chains around her ankles which are visible only from above. And the idea of the statue came about in 1865. By the time it was built, twenty years later, we'd seen Reconstruction, and the Jim Crow laws had been enacted. Would it have changed history if that association had lingered, if it hadn't faded away?

It's hard to imagine the association of the statue with abolitionism persisting between the passage of the Jim Crow laws and the civil rights movement. Because the conspiracy of silence on the part of white America for almost a hundred years was so intense that the whites simply didn't let themselves think about what it was to be black, to have slave ancestors. They thought, "Well, the Civil War solved that problem." And they managed not to notice that the problem was still there. So I think it was impossible for us to remember the abolitionist associations of the statue.

I was told that during the '50s, there was a Park Service interpretation—that's the particular interpretation of history given on the tours of Liberty Island by the park rangers—from which the association was dropped.

Drop the abolitionist bit.

Yes, in order to not offend the white Southerners.

It's amazing to think how much this "let's not offend the white Southerner" business dominated the consciousness of even academic liberals in the North. We were all supposed to be polite to the white Southerners.

Why? When we look back at history, we tend to think that whenever something great is accomplished, there's a certain purity behind it, and we expunge the contingency, as you put it, in the politics of the moment. This is seen as another sort of historical process, the process of waiting out the impurities. How do you think that things get accomplished with so many impurities present? Lincoln, for instance. He really wasn't an abolitionist. He was just a very smart politician, and yet what he did was grand, and out of impurity came a very pure action. How does such a process work?

I think it's a mistake to ask how historical events come about in a wholesale way. They always come about as a result of accidents, impure motives, all kinds of tangled strings of causality. There isn't such a thing as the way history works, or even the way American history works. Why did anti-Semitism persist into twentieth-century Europe? Why did racial segregation seem natural in the first half of twentieth-century America? Couldn't people see? Well, I don't know why they couldn't see. I don't know why the changes happened at one time rather than another. I don't think anybody ever will know.

I wanted to ask you about Whitman. You link Whitman and Lincoln a lot. What role do you think Whitman played in the American consciousness?

One thing Whitman did was simply to write poems about Lincoln. "O Captain! My Captain!" "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"—these poems were very widely known. When I was a kid in elementary school, we had to recite "O Captain! My Captain!" and that was eighty years after Lincoln's death. Just helping to fix Lincoln in the popular imagination through poetry was one thing that Whitman did, but the

other thing was to write things like "Democratic Vistas," which said that the spirit of Lincoln is the true spirit of the country, that the hopefulness that Lincoln showed is the hope that can change the world. That we are naturally the place where the world will come to learn what it is to live in the human future. Just this inspirational, entirely secular rhetoric was very important, because it was at a level of exultation that had been met only by religious rhetoric. Whitman put it into secular poetry.

NOTES

- 1 The SS *St. Louis* was a German ocean liner that left Hamburg with 936 Jewish refugees aboard, who were turned away from Cuba, the United States, and Canada. They were finally accepted in England, France, and Belgium.
- 2 Gary Wills, *Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America* (Simon and Schuster, 1992).
- 3 "Human Rights, Rationality, and Sentimentality," in *The Politics of Human Rights*, edited by Obrad Savic. (Verso, 1999).
- 4 A series of raids on the homes of suspected anarchists and leftists carried out by the Justice Department between 1919 and 1921, named after President Wilson's attorney general, Alexander Mitchell Palmer.
- 5 Alexander Mitchell Palmer, Heinrich Himmler, and Lavrentiy Beria.

from CLOCK, DECK, AND
MOVEMENT, A MODULAR POETIC
ACTIVITIES PIECE FOR FIVE
PLAYERS

Rodrigo Toscano

ZERO FRIENDS STEERING COMMITTEE

Two readers alternate in picking up a card from the "zero friends" deck. One reads the text in regular font, and hands it to the other. The partner reads the "tag" (text in italic font). The affectation of the activity resembles something between two hosts at an awards ceremony (with a bit of suspension between utterances) and a lottery-winning-numbers announcement ("and the winner is...").



Zero Friends quits Zero Friends steering committee, *again*.

Zero Friends insists on nickels and dimes restitution, *for now*.

Zero Friends in emergency room scribbling a pretty darn good "me-me" poem, *again*.

Zero Friends joins provisional Infinite Friends government, *for now*.

Zero Friends forgets the name of crucial latest imaging software, *again*.

Zero Friends locking horns with Zero Friends over Infinite Friends issues, *again*.

Zero Friends with 30 percent rent increase forgets the name of class-scrambling peripheral hardware device, *ubu booboo*.

Zero Friends visits Zero Friends country, buys Zero Friends agitprop T-shirt, never wears it—*never?*

Zero Friends don't let Zero Friends make Infinite Friends—*ever?*

Zero Friends on mountaintop about to dry-hump Zero Friends commemorative statue, *again*.

Zero Friends scampering over hot spurts of found environments, *for now*.

Zero Friends *Minoans* somehow, leaping naked over lacquered charging bulls, *again*.

Zero Friends rejoins Zero Friends steering committee, *for now*.

Zero Friends, after some thought, outrageous behavior, more thought, more outrageous behavior, writes a pretty darn good "me-you" poem, *again?*

Zero Friends after a three-year skid hitting Zero Friends circuit hard can't anymore without streamlets for all debts, public and private, *boo hoo hoo*.

Zero Friends gets pennies from heaven restitution, *again*.

Zero Friends on a surgery table remembering a pretty darn good
"us-vs.-them" poem, *again*.

Zero Friends don't let Zero Friends shuck Zero Friends, *ever?*

Zero Friends in alpine depression about to wet-hump Infinite Friends
lost environment, *again*.

Zero Friends skimming over bushy hillocks of belabored lyrics, *for now*.

Zero Friends *Olmecs* somehow, hefty thoughts sittin' pretty in the sun,
again.

Zero Friends causing fissures in Zero Friends steering committee,
for now.

Zero Friends, after some rain, outrageous sun, more rain, more
outrageous sun, hardens into a pretty darn good "only-you" poem,
again.

Zero Friends after a three-year streak hitting Zero Friends circuit hard
can't anymore with tin-plated teeth, public and private, *boo-yeah!*

Zero Friends hardwires the name of Infinite Friends foundation tax
I.D. number, *boo-yeah!*

Zero Friends under CT scan for two hours mumbles a pretty darn
good "no-you" poem, *pour toi*.

Zero Friends don't let Infinite Friends steer leaping naked heavenly
belabored lyrics—*ever?*

Zero Friends *Etruscans* somehow, happy-wicked marbled smiles—to stroke—*again!?*

Zero Friends wearing out the surface manners of the breakaway splitter steering committee, *again*.

Zero Friends helicoptered into volcano caldera about to blast favorite MP3 clip, *for now*.

Zero Friends, after some lava splatter, overstated chill, more lava splatter, more overstated chill, conceives of a pretty darn good “me-vs.-me” poem, *for now*.

Zero Friends phishes access code to Infinite Friends unlimited skull viewing, *again*.

Zero Friends insists on Euros—in hand, *danke*.

Zero Friends stomps over icepacks of autonomous art environments, *oops*.

Zero Friends reconstitutes New United International Infinite Zero Friends committee, *again*.

Zero Friends sneaks into Zero Friends country, builds Infinite Friends revolutionary ghost theater, never pimps it—*uh...well*.

Zero Friends don't let Zero Friends cop Infinite Friends—*uh...hm*.

Zero Friends on a dry lake bed about to make Infinite Friends backstroke a “no-it” poetics, *again*.

Zero Friends gimping toward cool springs of True-Glam-Trash
environments, *for now*.

Zero Friends *Roanokeans* somehow, overattired stumbling over rotted
squash squishing out the seeds of "make it new," *again*.

Zero Friends, after some bleu de lyons, fabulous casino pink, more bleu
de lyons, more fabulous casino pink, belts out a pretty darn good
"us-vs.-us" poem, *again?*

Zero Friends after a three-year cruise hitting Zero Friends circuit
hard can't anymore without candy canes for all monsters, public and
private, *well—fuck—me*.

Zero Friends accepts pinto beans praise from hellish institution, *again*.

Zero Friends in head-and-neck halo bracing for a pretty darn good
"mega-millions me" poem, *again*.

Zero Friends crawling over craggy bluffs of barren national epics,
for now.

MORSE AND FRACTALS (DAWN BLESSINGS)

Sharon Dolin

Bless.

In the.

Bless. [*How goodly*]

Yellow. Blessed. [*are*] Lily light.

Egg-white. [*your.*] In the. Blessed are. The setting.

You. [*tents*] Moon. Blessed. [*O.*] For. [*Jacob. Your.*] For
night. [*dwelling*] Sleep. Blessed.

Are.

For. [*places.*]

Removing sleep. [*O*]

From morning lids. Blessed are.

For grief-banishing. For within. Blessed. [*Lord*] For within

Creating hollows [*our G-d*] holes to live. Blessed. For the first.
Are You.

First

piss. For

This. Blessed. *[King]*

For the prayer plant unbending.

[Of the] For straightening me. Blessed. *[Universe]* For

The rooster. Blessed. For distinguishes between. For making me a.
[Blessed] Woman. *[Who]*

has

sanctified] Who

does not wish

to be a man. *[us]*

For freeing the. Are You. For comforting the.

For healing the. For morning tea. For almond butter toast. *[Blessed]*
For every

Coast

fractaled. Magnified.

[Blessed Are You]

For apricots. Spreading. [*For having*]

For my blouse and rants. For my pouts

And pants. Blessed. [*Restored*] For glees. (On knees.) [*My soul*]
For breasts and

penises.

For vaginas

and butts. [*Within*

me.] And inner thighs (and

thoughts). And sighs and frost. For white noise.

For Who knows. For clitoral rose. [*Blessed*] Blessed are You. For
Mandelbrot Lightning.

The

Julia Set.

[*Are You*] For

opening the eyes of. For

Serpinsky's Carpet. [*Lord, who*] For

circulating *chi*. For lifting [*heals*] the earth above

The. For rain in pain. Stopped. For *[all flesh]* all waters of. Who

directs

the steps

of. For leafy

dragonfish. *[and]* For healing my

broken. *[performs wonders.]* For Griffon-licked. My face. For

to cleave to. My husband. For my son. My sun. *Blessed. Are.* For
reached.

My new

each day. *You.*

New lay. For letters petaled.

Into. For song. *How goodly.* For permeates the

world. For scintillas of. Cerulean. *Blessed. [Are]* To *[O Lord.]*
You [Blessed.] I

bow.

ACOUSMATIC

Sarah Gridley

not a concept, much less a faith—
not quiet

but coming forward from the dust, a white mare
partially bone, primarily fast in the higher field

and was the sound of snow dissolving, glass being blown
from lips of beginners

where by *love* I mean a failing,
copious and opaque, heart without a practical power

most feeling the gives of undone
fountain and basin, the water

penned in, the tension to ring where the water
turns down, where the beads are cracking

our sun's white codex
in the courtyard foreign beyond the window

plurally into something else
when I live on the look of muteness, where I lived on the look

of happiness
rose that was quanta—

I ask after cost—after gouge of grass
and sky, after cause

that hides its cause
in unsustainable shapes of pain

in tempos habituating grass
redbud trees in arriving and splitting

accost, accost, come closer to my ribs
not only the understanding

has a language
be it wind in rings of meanest direction

or deepest remove when bluest in surface
by *memory* I mean

a skin: a cover for the underworlds
that we might try to breathe

or hear in wind a single
soothing thing

or hear of wind a kindred displacement
in our skins to the added

subtractions we live in, sun over sand, the coppered hem-
wetness, sun in tons of bells, in apples cut open

for eating
yes now I am listening to your fallible sounds

pity for the you
that is stranded, pity for the you

who dazed or faceless
where now I am hearing a mechanical click

to see I had no beautiful shelter
the motioning colors of the trees, the edgewise

pit before beginning
to take up

listening as something harder, to take up
walking as something longer

attach me, walking, attach me

UMBRA

Lucas Farrell

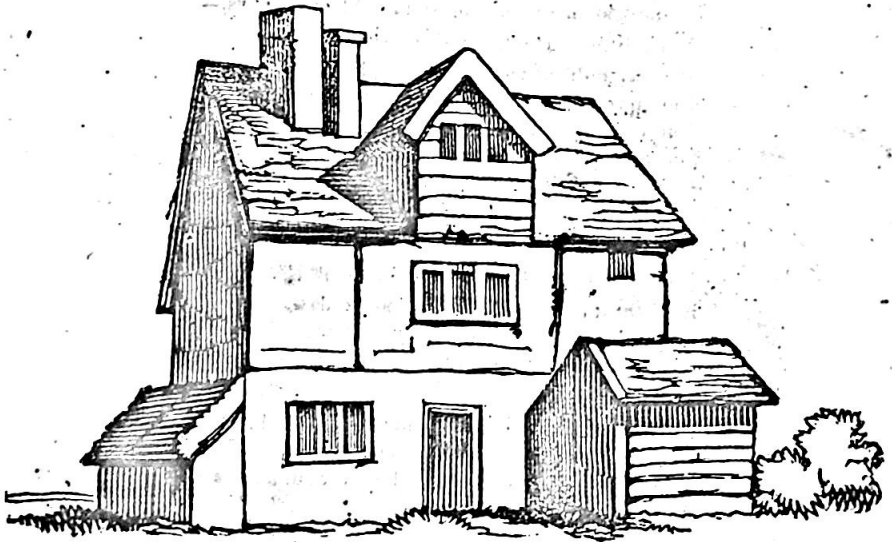
I think we make the scarecrows
 insecure.
I am hurting myself.
I arch my back against the slope
of terrain & without ribs I think.
Tulsa isn't wet now. Green heat
 echoes up
& down these fields at night,
drizzling meal in the hedges, the
 molars
and jaw click. The stars
in the sky-well swivel
in pulse, like boiling,
breaching beets.

EXERCISES.

No. 400.

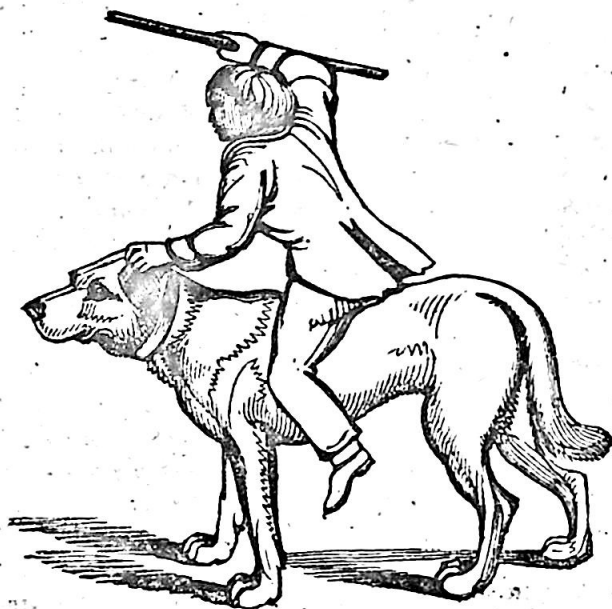


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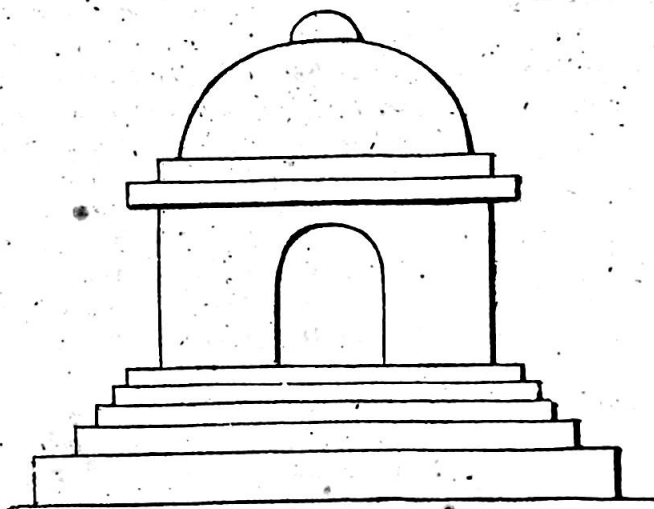


EXERCISES.

No. 334.



No. 332.



ALL ABOARD

Alex Lemon

The small animals are having a dance
party all over me. A blowout.

There is about to be a three-second
violation on my belly. Firearms & tire

irons thrown into tire fires. Arms
rising like exclamation marks. Arms

piled like kindling. The knock
down, the natural reaction. A good

old fashioned gathering of fleas. Under
sweet & thrumming—get

perfect or decide that this can
only be it. Oh to go out like that.

Bang, bang. Pour it on. Hit
my reset. Let's start this shit over.

THE PHYSICS OF SAWING YOURSELF IN HALF

Because the cleanest cut is the best
a band saw is the most efficient way
to peel a banana or ensure that the last
word spoken will be the last. How to separate
the self from the one thing the self knows?
Grim-faced and happy, it does not, and will
not ever completely know. Cleaving
& clinging & cleaving. Just like the backpack
slipped off the little boy's shoulder when the car
struck him, I slough off my skin & watch
it flutter behind me like a kite of my failings.
I creak along worrying about when the garbage
disposal will finally break down, & the shadow
of the floating shape is tireless through the park
below me. When I reach for it, I am, for the briefest time,
that which is all elbows & knees, that which is
the kid seldom seen. So I stand in the sun, smiling,
letting the downtown passersby stomp around
like starving cows. The day is a chafing waller
& I seem to have forgotten my cattle prod
in a passed life & I had more than a bit
of trouble getting in these jeans. Ah to be
ice cream again. Straight up weed no angel
dust. All of the walkers' shoes singing out
in pain, those poor lowing cattle. I like my
burgers bunless & shaped into tiny pit bulls
that look like the one that attacked me the first
day of my job taking care of Eliot, the beautiful

boy with Down syndrome. I avalanche ketchup
over it all & yodel. I punch my eyes & yawn.
Tomorrow, if I wake up I'll spend the hours waving
into of every window I'm lucky enough to stand in front of.

THEN THE WORLD WAS ALL

for L.H.

After you tell me that I'm a terrible guy
with all of these tragedies that only ocean-

faring men & miners wear inked darkly
down their forearms—the sidewalk sparkled

& sheaths of dark poured through the summer
elms you said *I'll love you forever, you poor*

country fuck a single dot of dust
twirled in the light & I hung

upside-down from the monkey bars
blood dizzying my head I lied

said I'd heard your voice in a dream—
what was it like you asked

a finger hooked a loop in my jeans
I said I hadn't yet remembered

it all we lay there waiting
to die heaven was a long hallway filled

with birds' nests I said a deer eating
the eggs nestled in each its antlers carved

cursive into the stone walls a voice like sparks
cascaded you can't come in bleeding like that

it said your father would
never be bleeding like that

CADENCE

Daniel Tiffany

You are very lazy
Master Hair Dresser.
You keep me
Back at home.

Shave-me.

Comb-me quickly.

Look to not cup me.

Err, er, er, er, er
Er, Er, er, er, er
Err, er, er, er, er
Er, Er, er, er, er

Six to the front
And three to the rear
That's the way
We do it here.

That's what he always says.

Impossible.

One result
of research, anyway, Aya's
shower scene
commercial clip
outstretched hand
reflected on the faucet
and tile
close-up of the drain
at her feet.

Check the records.

I don't know more
What I won't with they servants.

Here, there is a wand
And some hooks.

CADENCE

But windmills came
A penknife came
And he fell asleep.

Wonderful "extra" moments
Meeting quietly with destiny
Such moments they were always hot.

Wet food
Nice try
Cure list
Superflat.

A coquettish-to-the-dye
Glistening new parson
Having considered a minute
That disfigured couple.

One mile
No sweat
Two mile
Better yet
Three mile
Gotta run
Four mile
Lotsa fun

Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh
Whoa, oh-oh, oh-oh-oh
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh
Whoa, oh-oh, oh-oh-oh

We like some of the same things.

Dash Snow

For example

A polished derel.

What is how make me this

Religious scarce at sea.

YOUR WEDDING CAKE

Lee Stern

Your wedding cake wasn't supposed to float so long.
And the boats that came out to see it
were amazed at the degree of its buoyancy.
Or rather the people in the boats were amazed.
The boats themselves were just filled with the splinters
that our ancestors had fabricated out of trees.
At first the boats circled slowly to be sure
they could see the cake from all of its sides.
They called this procedure *The Slow Way of Doing Things*.
And they left instructions to the effect
of how to accomplish this in the middle of one's prayers.
They knew the cake was supposed to sink.
Because that's what it said in the documents they were given
by the man who was enclosing the sunset in one piece.
What they didn't know was, if it was going to sink
three-quarters of the way into their evening meditations,
what was the best thing to do with the icing.
Somebody suggested rubbing it into their hats.
But they needed their hats to look at the light in the evening's picture.
They needed their hats, as well, for a certain degree of balance
that even a person from Los Angeles could observe.
And they needed their hats to double, in effect,
for the life preservers they knew they should have brought with them
to keep the vows that you were tossing into the water
alive to the promise of dust.

THE SERIOUS REPERCUSSIONS

Bonnie Roy

for one thing my teeth are no longer complete. I can nuzzle their lack
with my tongue till the gums taste sharp. I can chew in their place in my
dreams. my smile resembles a carousel, a bar code, a fault line, the inner
metal of a music box.

my eyes turned ellipses distort the moment. the body like a coil distressed
beyond resistance lies unsprung, deranging the pent-up bones.

*

daily in the presence of names I am asked for my silence.

*

the dream of my body is set on matchsticks.

*

for one thing my fingers are bulged from their palm. beyond grasping they
swell and stumble their way among loves who are dumb to the touch.

*

my mouth overheard is a certain racket.

*

the world I kept was ivory, dragging its dead animal.

*

I wanted to hold your hand as a motion. your body I wrapped as a purpose
around mine.

*

my terrified, my dear, my heart as a pulp, my skin as a pulp that remains
long after. I can see myself as a trail, fresh-left, exhausted shade.

*

for one thing my speech has no longer its out. my voice as moans repeats
itself backwards. in flatland I hold the mouth to my ear and listen for a
sea which is perfectly new. echoes imagine my hearing.

*

as basic units the bodies were useless. I shored up my skin with your
touch.

*

for one thing my eyes do not match. one is one and a half, slung blue at the
cheekbone, holding its breath. it sees like a fish. it seems like the skin. in
its extra body it bloats to the glass, eye like putty, eye in a bag.

*

the blood is an edge and vanishes. the body extends to the gauze.

bandage and table. dumpster and cotton ball. the blood is an edge and vanishes.

*

even the throat won't close. it struggles my breath through its flaps. I seem wide apart, timed apart. my terrified, my dear, the dark things settle for days to be dry.

*

as newsprint I am embraced upon fingers that turn through and fold. facts that sever me from empathy, I am less invented than dreamed up, resigned black and white bone and skin breast and thrust. why hold me in your history as glee.

*

body, I worked you perfectly, each flesh a ghost of its impact, each color a color left behind.

INTERVIEW WITH CB I HATE PERFUME

Christopher Brosius started the company CB I Hate Perfume (www.cbihateperfume.com) in 2004, and his perfumes are sold throughout the United States at select stores. Before opening the store, Brosius worked at Kiehl's and founded Demeter, which created a "fragrance library" of over a hundred scents. This interview was conducted by Robert N. Casper in CB I Hate Perfume's store in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, on June 20, 2008.

Can you talk about the way your work connects to literature—does literature inspire you?

Actually, it does inspire a lot. A lot of early perfumes I did with my old company—which came from the garden, from the field, from the forest—were inspired by Colette. I think I started reading Colette back in 1987. A friend of mine gave me a collection of short stories, and shortly after that I got a copy of the *Claudine* series . . . her writing is so much about paying attention to the details of daily life and understanding how important they are, and how much pleasure we get from them. Rarely do we stop to think about that.

About the wonderfulness of the everyday beneath our ordinary perception.

Exactly. I have a novel by Stella Gibbons called *Bassett*—it's not terribly good, but one of the characters, a pattern maker from London, is interesting. The novel is set in the '30s, and when the pattern maker loses her job, she winds up moving to the country, where she has never been before. She is amazed by the countryside—stunned at how good the soaked earth smells. Writers rarely pay attention to smell in that manner, as an aspect of going through the day.

My scent *In the Library* is based on one of my favorite novels, Compton McKenzie's *Extraordinary Women*—I have a first edition of that book, signed by him. I also love Sax Rohmer's work, which is completely and totally improbable. One of the recurrent characters of Rohmer's *The Fu Man Chu Mysteries* is Fu Man Chu's daughter, whom other characters first notice through her exotic perfume. That's definitely a scent I will make at some point, because it is too, too good to pass up.

*Can you talk more about how *In the Library* came about?*

I found the book in London—like many old books, it had a wonderful, distinctive smell. If you have enough of them, you notice a difference: books printed in the '70s smell different from books printed in the '20s, and American books smell different from English books, which smell different from French books. I actually had *Extraordinary Women* headspaced, which is a process of gas chromatography that gives a molecular profile of a smell, or what molecules the nose picks up that add up to that scent. If you've ever used a computer program to translate a phrase or a sentence, and you know both languages, you can see the result is far from accurate. Headspace works in much the same way: what you get through the process needs to be made intelligible. I've smelled substances that chemists swore the headspace machines could not differentiate—one was "real," or an original, and one was recreated. And they smelled radically different—or, in some cases, nothing like they were supposed to.

Can you talk about the relationship between a pleasurable smell and an accurate smell?

I've done certain smells that are incredibly accurate, and yet there's something flat about them, or artificial. To make a scent come alive, it sometimes needs to be put into context. A past customer once told me that when she first went to her beach house every summer and turned on the

air conditioner, the smell that came out made her incredibly happy. What she smelled was mold on the filter that had built up over the winter—but it was the context of that smell, and what it represented to her, that was important. Often something unpleasant, and really recognizable, will turn a scent from pretty into real. There was a period in French perfumery when a lot of the great, classic French perfumes smelled, at their base, dirty or pissy.

And context, even through the inclusion of unpleasant smells, creates a powerful narrative to the perfume.

That's what interests me most about smell: it is such a language. As a perfumer, you start with a chemical alphabet and build up to compounded words, and then you use them to create a full-on story. But unlike other kinds of languages, smell is always personal. Words have fairly clear and exact meanings, but the meanings of smells vary from person to person, so it's always an internal experience. The point of my Secret History series is that those scents are about me. Even though I can write a description of them, no one else can access those scents in the same way—they can only have their own personal experience.

That makes sense. For instance, right now I'm wearing Greenbriar '68, which I bought when I was last here. After putting it on this morning I realized I had to dress up, as well! Because I only wear the perfume for special occasions, and so I think of it as a fancy scent—which is far from how you describe it.

Can you talk about how your assertion that "individuality is my god" relates to creating and selling perfume that many different people wear?

Well, it comes down to chemistry. Since the '80s, there has been an enormous movement to compound scents so they smell the same on everyone who wears them. (Before then perfumes, while recognizable, interacted

with people who wore them, so they were special on each individual.) I don't like the whole concept of this development. First of all, a lot of the synthetic chemicals used make me violently ill. And secondly, people who need to be a part of a big, huge group just for the sake of comfort and security don't interest me. I use a lot of natural materials, so even though there are a flock of people wearing my perfumes, the perfumes won't smell the same on anyone. Natural materials also reflect so much—even the same perfume may not smell exactly the same every time you wear it. It depends on the weather, what you've eaten, how you're feeling. And I think this is important.

Do you think anyone could wear the wrong perfume for them?

If they're paying attention—no, they won't. The whole point of the nose is to pick out what is chemically compatible and what is chemically bad. American men have started wearing cologne more frequently, and they're just dousing themselves the way women did twenty years ago, without understanding the consequences. I read a study that showed smells found pleasurable at a lower concentration are pretty much hated at a very high concentration. Sociologically, what does that mean? That men and women who douse themselves with perfume are not saying, "I'm sexy" but "Stay the hell away from me." I know of another study that asked participants which of the five senses would they give up first if forced to—85 percent of them said smell. You can trace this back to the Greek philosophers—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, etc.—who said smell is a function of the lower animal. Well that's all well and good, except we are animals and designed to respond to smell whether or not we choose to accept it or even think about it.

It's interesting to play around with something so intangible but so powerful. In terms of sensory stimulation, music is strong, but smell is way stronger. And both leave visual stimulus way far behind. So it's curious

that most of the information we consciously rely on is visual. Meanwhile, the nose is recording countless things that we just don't think about. It's the reason why a smell can transport you to another time, another place, another feeling. And that can be marvelous, or terrifying—I mean, I've had people burst into tears when they've sniffed certain scents.

Do you think you experience visual and olfactory stimuli differently from the average person?

I have to say yes there. I found out, not terribly long ago, that I am, in fact, synesthetic. And it was funny: when I found that out it, I thought "Oh—I just assumed this is the way it worked for everybody." I'm also given to understand that I do have an uncanny and somewhat bizarre sense of smell. I can remember smells from long ago. Right now I'm working on a smell in New York, and I can go back to the source and have a whiff and realize "Yes, I can remember this." And I'm told that's rare. I couldn't comment on it, though, because I'm never in anybody else's head.

My synesthesia is primarily olfactory, linguistic, and, to a lesser degree, auditory. Smells for me often have color, shape, sound, and texture, while certain words have shape, texture, color, and often taste. Every now and then, a sound will set off a synesthetic experience for me, as well—mostly those rare sounds will have shape and color. It's really not possible to describe exactly what the stimulus is like, because synesthesia is much like the sense of smell—it's entirely individual and impossible to translate.

How do you become a perfumer? You can't get a degree in it, right?

No. You can get one in something like chemical engineering or biochemistry, which might be as close as you're going to get—of all the arts, perfume is the most reliant on science. There's a hell of a lot of chemistry that goes on, and a fair amount of technology. But the way you become a perfumer

is you do it for a very long time. For me it started with a summer job at Macy's with Clinique. I left the job after two weeks, when I couldn't take it anymore—but it was on my résumé. I applied to stores wanting to work in other departments, but they were always desperate for people in cosmetics, so they just shoved me in there. Ultimately, a *dreadful* job at Barney's led to a fantastic job at Kiehl's. Even during that period, I thought, This is great for now, but I still want to go on and make other things. I wanted to make clothes, to make furniture maybe, to make jewelry. Even when I left Kiehl's and moved out to the country, and after a short while started my company, I thought, This is phase one—I know this business, and it will fund the other things I want to do as well. I can't help but think that there was a fair amount of fate that kept pushing me in to do something that I've come to understand had never been done before. I once talked to a creative director of a huge French firm at a cocktail party, and he said that though what I do is interesting, everything is mass, mass, mass. And I thought, I can do very well with that philosophy. Because if 95 percent of the people are being led one way, there will always be 5 percent who want something else. And, if you figure there are 6.5 billion people on the planet at the moment, that's a big market! For me, it's been about finding a way to structure the commerce so it really does support the art

Can you talk about your company's name, I Hate Perfume?

It makes people think about what it is they are doing here in the shop—they're smelling something, and what is that process for them? The name is a challenge to preconceived notions as to what perfume truly is. My point is that it can be a great deal more, certainly much more than people have been led to expect. Some people get it and some people don't—the ones who do are my clients.

How do you create and name your perfumes?

Frequently I have an idea and then create a perfume that expresses that idea. Other times I can just be experimenting with things and then all of a sudden think, This is a wonderful smell, and this is what it inspires, and maybe it doesn't have a name initially. Sometimes it gives itself a name. And sometimes the name will snap in at a later date. I tend to be literal when it comes to names. The Accord series is a great example: I thought, This is tomato leaf, this is angel food cake, this is rubber cement—these things smell exactly like the name on the bottle.

A few years ago, my process of naming started to change. For instance, naming the Secret History perfumes was an internal process—it was about matching the scent with the snow on one particular evening a long time ago. And I originally wanted to number the Archetype series one through twelve—archetype one: ocean, and archetype two: field, and archetype three: smoke, right down the list to archetype twelve: white flowers. But the whole process started to happen . . . not exactly outside myself, but as tapping into a different kind of consciousness. Cradle of Light is the most telling example, because the title describes the synesthetic definition I had of that smell: a contained but glowing thing. And other archetypes named themselves, as references to films or paintings or books, or in mythological terms such as Wild Hunt or White Horse, which isn't quite finished yet. I named one of the Ocean Archetypes Eternal Return after one of my favorite Cocteau films, which is a retelling of the Tristan and Isolde legend—of sailing across the ocean. I'd meant the perfume to start out being woody, like you're on the shore, and then have the ocean come in—but it did *exactly* the opposite. It felt oceanic instead, and then when I was working, it was literally like coming back. The woods suddenly appear across the sea like reaching land—it's a perfume about sailing home, and that's when the true name occurred to me. And I thought, Well, why fight it?

SELECTED DESCRIPTIONS FROM CB I HATE PERFUME

from the CB ARCHETYPE SERIES

Collective Unconscious: memories of mental patterns that are shared by members of a single culture or, more broadly, by all human beings: originally proposed by the psychologist Carl Jung to explain psychological traits shared by all people. He theorized that the collective unconscious appears as archetypes: patterns and symbols that occur in dreams, mythology, and fairy tales.

—*The New Dictionary of Cultural Literacy*, Third Edition 2002

Archetype (AHR-ki-teyep): the original pattern or model of a work; or the original model from which all things of the same kind are made.

—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition

Archetypes resemble the beds of rivers: dried up because the water has deserted them, though it may return at any time. An archetype is something like an old watercourse along which the water of life flowed for a time, digging a deep channel for itself. The longer it flowed the deeper the channel and the more likely it is that sooner or later the water will return.

—Carl Jung, *The Primordial Images*

In all chaos there is a cosmos, in all disorder a secret order.

—Carl Jung, *Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious*

Perhaps there is a pattern set up in the heavens for one who desires to see it, and having seen it, to find one in himself.

—Plato

Archetypes are eternal. They span eons and cross cultures. They generate myth, art, and history itself. Archetypes are the foundation of all civilization. Their stories are endless because they are the truth behind the myth. Archetypes are life, and in some way they touch us all.

I find there are certain scents that capture the archetypes of perfume. They are primal smells, and we respond to them because they represent "first smell memory." Perhaps they are genetically encoded in us all. Serene, timeless, and beyond gender, these scents inform and give rise to all fragrance.

Each of the twelve CB Archetype Perfumes captures one of these profound essences. The perfumes in this collection are mysterious and complex yet still capture one pure idea of perfume. And though beautiful on their own, Archetypes can be endlessly combined...

(SMOKE) / FIRE FROM HEAVEN

The Scent

This is the third scent in my series of primal smells.

Smoke represents perhaps the most important aspect of perfume—its beginning. Even its modern name is derived from an antique term that means "to smoke through."

Fire from Heaven is blended from classic ancient incenses: frankincense, myrrh, opopanax, cedar, sandalwood, styrax, and labdanum. But the perfume's scent is subtle. Fire from Heaven is the memory of smoke...

(WHITE FLOWERS) / CRADLE OF LIGHT

The Scent

Cradle of Light is a glorious blend of pure white flower absolutes: Moroccan, Indian, Egyptian, and Tunisian *Jasminum grandiflorum*, Indian night-blooming jasmine, jonquil, narcissus, tuberose, and white lotus. The bouquet is set against a green background of sumac, tomato, and violet leaves with a hint of galbanum and grounded in a base of sandalwoods and CBMUSK.

The scent begins with a fresh green presence; gradually the flowers emerge, becoming warmer and richer. Cradle of Light is a supremely elegant perfume with a serene and euphoric effect. Wearing it can be slightly hypnotic...

from the CB EXPERIENCE SERIES

As a matter of fact, I believe it is smell more than anything else that can carry one swiftly over the hills and far away.

—Noel Coward, *Pomp and Circumstance*

HOME is more than the place you live; HOME is any place you truly love—any place you feel happy, comfortable, and at peace. Scent has the power to transport you instantly across any distance—in a flash you're just where you'd rather be. Go there whenever you wish no matter where you are. . . .

All the scents in this collection are designed to capture a very special sense of place or experience. All the scents in my HOME collection are designed to be worn on yourself as well as used all around you.

GATHERING APPLES

The Scent

Thousands of ripe red McIntosh apples and a bit of old weathered wood from the bushel baskets.

The Story

Does the smell of apples make you happy? It should, as studies show.

I used to love to go with my father to pick up the apples from the local orchard. I can still recall the scent of hundreds of bushels of ripe red apples glowing in the cold room.

Even now the memory makes me smile.

IN THE LIBRARY

The Scent

English novel taken from a signed first edition of one of my very favorite novels, Russian and Moroccan leather bindings, worn cloth, and a hint of wood polish.

The Story

I love books, particularly old ones. I cannot pass a secondhand bookshop and rarely come away without at least one additional volume. I now have quite a collection...

Whenever I read, the start of the journey is always opening the book and breathing deeply. Don't you find there are few things more wonderful than

the smell of a much-loved book? Newly printed books certainly smell very different from older ones. The ink is so crisp. I've also noticed that books from different periods and different countries have very different smells. And then there are the scents of different bindings: leather is marvelous, of course, but I find a peculiar pleasure in musty, worn clothbound books, as well. Perhaps just a hint of mildew...

The main note in this scent was copied from one of my favorite books—I happened to find a signed first edition of this novel a few years ago in London. I was more than a little excited, because there were only ever a hundred in the first place!

SUMMER IN THE KITCHEN

The Scent

Fresh garden vegetables and herbs on a clear summer evening, with a touch of smoked old wooden rafters.

The Story

My house in the country is tiny. It was originally built as the summer kitchen on my family's farm. Even after a good deal of renovation and sandblasting, the woodwork and rafters still smell faintly of two centuries of cooking. I find this comforting. Now, on summer evenings, I lie quietly on a sofa in the summer kitchen beside the open window. I watch the fireflies light across a field of alfalfa. It is totally peaceful and I'm perfectly happy. A gentle breeze blows across my face carrying the scent of the vegetables and herbs growing just beneath the window. The scent is fresh and green and wonderful.

from the CB LTD EDITION SERIES

As fond as I am of exploring a scent concept as fully as possible, sometimes I create a perfume that has an idea all its own. These scents stand alone and are what they are. They just smell good. Many of the perfumes in this collection are available all year round; others are made only at special times of the year.

My LTD Editions are all scents that don't fit into a particular series. They don't need to.

JUST BREATHE

The Scent

Just Breathe is blended with bamboo leaves, Japanese green tea, three varieties of cedarwood, forest, and just the merest hint of incense.

The Story

There is only so much you can do in a twenty-four-hour period. Subatomic particles may comfortably exist in two places at once, but you can't. There is a big difference between expanding your boundaries and driving yourself nuts.

Why don't you calm down for a moment and JUST BREATHE? I designed this scent to calm, balance, and center you whenever you need just that.

Suddenly you're transported to a Buddhist temple deep in the fresh green forest. Isn't that really where you'd rather be?

(I designed Just Breathe exclusively for *Marie Claire* magazine, December 2005.)

WILD PANSY

The Scent

Wild Pansy is actually the smell of wild violets growing in the forest, very crisp, grassy, and casual.

The Story

Assigning gender to scent is a largely a twentieth-century convention. Perfume for women and cologne for men began when Paris couturiers began issuing fragrance from their houses. Prior to that, people simply wore whatever scents appealed most to them. I've always thought that that approach is best.

Flowers have come to be associated largely with perfumes for women, yet many flowers such as jasmine and violet have long been worn by men and are still often used in many male fragrances. Violet was a popular scent with men during the Belle Epoque and the Edwardian era. Even today the familiar smell of barber shop is very much about violet and iris.

I've never divided my scents between men and women, so I made Wild Pansy to be enjoyed by all.

from the CB METAMORPHOSIS SERIES

What art can better express the idea of transformation than the art of perfume?

Perfume is all about change—transforming over time and transforming on our skin. Our perceptions of perfume change day to day, hour by hour, based on how we feel and where we are. One thing becomes another and a new being is revealed. Life is all about change. . . .

The perfumes in this collection all explore some aspect of Metamorphosis.

M2 BLACK MARCH

The Scent

A fresh, clean scent composed of rain drops, leaf buds, wet twigs, tree sap, bark, mossy earth and the faintest hint of spring flower bulbs. "As pretty and bright / As rain drops on black twigs / in March."—Stevie Smith

The Story

This perfume is inspired by one of my favorite poems, "Black March" by Stevie Smith. It begins, "I have a friend at the end of the world. His name is a breath of fresh air." The poem ends:

But whatever
new names I give him
he is still an old friend
he says
Whatever names
you give me
I am a breath of fresh air
a change for you

I have thought about a perfume that reflects this poem for years. Now, it's finished. Both the poem and my perfume contain a secret that you must discover for yourself. That is the Metamorphosis of Black March.

from the CB REINVENTION SERIES

The history of perfume is old as mankind itself. Over the millennia, the quest for perfume has expanded civilizations, changed cultures, and brought the discovery of new worlds.

But like the study of any history, exploring the history of perfume can be done only from our modern point of view. It must be reinvented in order to be understood. The world changes, and we change along with it. We cannot truly comprehend how previous generations thought or felt, let alone realize just how new and provocative certain perfumes must have been when first introduced to the world. They, too, must be reinvented in the light of today.

All the perfumes in this collection explore some aspect of the history of perfume. Some are recreated as closely as possible to what they may have been. Others are unique combinations of fragrance materials both traditional and modern—these bring up to date a classic concept of traditional perfumery.

PATCHOULI EMPIRE

The Scent

Patchouli EMPIRE is a completely natural blend of five patchoulis from across the Indian Ocean set in a foundation of warm rare woods. There is the faintest hint of Indian black pepper. Because it is entirely natural, the effect when you wear Patchouli EMPIRE is rich and warm but subtle and ever changing.

The Story

Like so many people I have HATED patchouli in my time.

But then, as with so many things, quality plays an important part, and I came to realize that there is patchouli and PATCHOULI. Depending upon its age, variety, and origin, patchouli can be astonishingly subtle, rich, and beautiful.

I also discovered that patchouli first came to the attention of the western world during one of my favorite periods of history, the Regency/Empire era of the early nineteenth century. The cashmere shawls made so fashionable by the Empress Josephine and the heroines of Jane Austen novels arrived in Europe rolled in patchouli leaves. This protected the delicate fabric from being devoured by moths on the long sea voyage from India. The scent of the leaves was so pervasive that for a very long time afterward, a faint exotic perfume still wafted from these popular wraps. My inspiration for Patchouli EMPIRE is that subtle scent the Empress Josephine might have smelled when she first opened a teak box of cashmere shawls sent to her from India.

VIOLET EMPIRE

The Scent

Blended from CB Violet Empress, elemi, Violet Leaf Absolute, rosewood, mahogany, and Russian leather. Violet EMPIRE is an unusual yet very elegant perfume. The violet scent perpetually peeps out from behind a shining green veil.

The Story

This is a meditation on violet, one of the Empress Josephine's favorite scents. Small wonder, as violet is a magical scent whose presence disappears then reappears over time.

Real Violet Absolute no longer exists in the modern world, or, if it does, only in such tiny and astronomically expensive amounts that I have not yet been able to obtain any.

So I had to recreate it. It took me a while, but fortunately many of the chemicals found in violets can be nature identical, and the rest can be cleverly filled in with other flowers. The accord I created for this perfume, Violet Empress, once again has that magical now-you-smell-it-now-you-don't quality.

(Very special thanks to Diane Ackerman and her marvelous book *A Natural History of the Senses* for planting this seed in my head so many years ago. If you haven't yet read this amazing work, run—don't walk—and get a copy at once.)

from the CB SECRET HISTORY SERIES

Nothing sparks the memory so powerfully as scent. We know this to be true. One small whiff can tell vividly of a time long gone, perhaps of a moment we thought lost forever; yet suddenly, in a flash, we live it again.

But these recollections are always a Secret History—no one can truly know them but you. Joseph Conrad was right, “we live as we dream: alone.”...

The perfumes in this collection all speak of single shining points of time in my own life. But they are a paradox as well—these scents reveal everything about me, and at the same time they can reveal nothing at all. They are like speaking of dreams, and so you can approach them only by way of your own experience and make of them what you will.

Though we share perfume with those around us when we wear it, still it always tells a very private Secret History. The scents in this collection may tell of mine, but when you wear them they will tell only of yours.

GREENBRIAR 1968

The Scent

This scent is a memory of my grandfather, the sawmill that he owned, and the stone house where he lived.

It is blended with sawdust, fresh-cut hay, worn leather work gloves, pipe tobacco, and a healthy amount of dirt. There is also a faint whiff of cotton overalls covered in axle grease. . . .

WINTER 1972

The Scent

A field of untouched new-fallen snow, hand knit woolen mittens covered with frost, a hint of frozen forest and sleeping earth.

The Story

I remember, one December when I was much younger, sitting alone at night in a field. There were no tracks in the fresh snow other than my own and no sound but my own breath. Occasionally I heard a twig snap in the pine wood that bordered the field.

The air was perfectly clear, and nothing was visible except the small cloud of my own breath between me and the infinite stars. All of them were

visible, sparkling silently against the endless blue of space. I can remember nothing in my life so beautiful as the sight of the sky that winter night.

I recall clearly the scent of that winter air. It was not at all a pine scent and had nothing to do with cinnamon or spices. It was the blue frozen scent of fresh snow and silver stars. It was a scent that spoke to my young brain of remembering what was and realizing what would come. It was the sleeping scent of spring now frozen beneath the snow.

Winter is still like that for me. It is a time to rest, a time to remember and to look forward. Winter is a quiet time to watch the stars and have hope.

IONIC MAN

David Mills

I
Knee scream.

II

M-are-I
a hot dog eased into a hi-tech bun?

III
Have you ever dated a claustrophobic frank?

IV

Medial collateral ligament rip, right?
Right. The right.

V
Physical the see therapist three weeks a day.

VI

Hydrocollator. Human
barbecue. Hot ribs. White.
Hot. Season me.

VII
Stimulation: electrodes
flank my knee. Volley sparks
coast to coats.

VIII

Muscle mumble.3.3 Mhz.

IX

After rub. Lotion glows in the blood.

X

Ultra sound: the pate of the albino
temple turtle orbiting my knee.

XI

Isometricks:

Leg the left swing like a pendulum;
Right the swing pendulum leg a like.

XVI

Full moon: a knee

cap
perforating
this evening
of ink.

XII

Femur. Patella. Tibia. Beneath
the flesh: mortal and pestle.

XIII

Little fails don't feet me now. The miles
of 1,000 starts journeys with one step:
weak down the stairs on the walk leg;
up strong the stairs on the start leg.

XIV

A New Negro movement. A New Negro move
meant: think about it, there's more to this this
than this that.

XV

Walking is nothing
but a constant
recovery from a fall.

TODAY THE SKY BELONGED TO LOLA

Lisa Olstein

FOUND TEXT SELECTED FROM CAPTIONS
ACCOMPANYING PHOTOGRAPHS POSTED DAILY ON
PALEMALE.COM, JUNE–DECEMBER 2006

Lola is out to prove you don't need a whole lot of feathers to be able to fly.

Lola arriving.

Lola on the cherub's head.

A tiny flying creature but no less important than the one above.

Palemale on the Westside, attempting to rebuild his broken Eastside dream.

Palemale making his way over to Lola with some supper clasped in his talons (unseen).

Palemale again.

Please note that contrary to news circulating, Palemale & Lola did not abandon their 927 Fifth Ave. nest. They are putting twigs on the Beresford and spending most of their time there but they still visit their old nest every day.

Palemale on a Met security camera being dive-bombed by a mockingbird.

Finally Palemale had enough of his Eastside visit and flew back to Lola. Here he is over the Great Lawn being escorted over to the Westside.

At the end of the day they both had some peace together on their new home away from home.

I wonder what it's like for him to feel her head on his chest? I wonder if she can hear his heart beating? I wonder if she has a scent that he adores?

Palemale and Lola stayed on the Eastside most of the day on Sunday. The Eastside was of course blocked off until late evening.

Palemale at the back of the Met with an unhappy mockingbird.

Lola watching the wheels go round and round from the Beresford.

Rain.

The top of the sacred head.

Lola eating a very late supper at the top of Pilgrim Hill.

Palemale 76th and Fifth.

Palemale with his mouse.

Lola on the goat's head—Palemale can barely be seen to her right.

Palemale relaxing a leg near Delacorte Theater.

The Palest of all Males.

Lola.

Lola stayed far away again.

Palemale sat on the south side of the Carlyle Hotel while Lola stood on the Stovepipe building. Lola left her perch and joined him on the Carlyle. Palemale was the first to leave the Carlyle to go over to the Oreo antenna. Again Lola joined him. He appears to be sleeping on the roof of the Met these days.

Palemale on the Great Lawn playing in the rain.

Finally Lola comes closer to the ground.

They waited until the last of the light to reveal themselves...it was the start of a wonderful weekend. They each caught a large rat at Delacorte Theater towards the end of the evening.

Ms. Lola Streep.

A gang of five crows attempted to give Lola a hard time.

Palemale in the low light of the Locust Grove having his supper.

Lola is on top.

Palemale is a Tree-Hugger.

Lola on the Delacorte stage lights.

An evening with Lola at the Delacorte Theater.

Lola stayed far away on the Carlyle this evening while Palemale romped and frolicked around Cleopatra's Needle.

Palemale alone on his nest.

Beautiful Lola!

They didn't visit the falconry circus up at the East Meadow today.

Lola!

The beautiful couple on the Oreo.

Late in the evening he abandoned any attempt to make a catch and retire in the vicinity of Pinetum. Lola went to bed on the Beresford.

Palemale.

Lola over the Model Sailboat Pond.

I wonder if the air feels solid under his chest or does it feel as gentle as it does on my face?

Palemale peers into the Linda #2 window.

Palemale heading uptown.

Palemale and Lola had some visitors today.

Palemale arrived very late in his Turtle Pond tree.

Didn't see our lady this evening, not even on the Oreo. Her mate was tree-hopping around Cleopatra's Needle and the Met.

Palemale on the Jackie O. building.

The nest at present.

Lola was seen eating at Delacorte Theater Wednesday around noon.

She disappears inside the window at times.

Lola and her young RTH playmate over the lower section of Fifth Avenue and Central Park last Saturday.

Lola's playmate again.

Palemale over the Great Lawn in a surprise visit.

Maybe it was prearranged earlier in the day that they were going to meet in the same tree to go to sleep together. Or it may have been a last minute decision because the sky cleared up and the moon was out.

Palemale left at 6:53 a.m. and Lola left at 7:05 a.m.

Palemale leaping off the Linda building on Sunday evening.

It must be very peaceful up there.

Lola and her friend.

Palemale orchestrating the festival of the reddening of the leaves.

This is Palemale & Lola's adopted child who took the liberty to sit in Palemale's tree in Turtle Pond.

There was an equal amount of activity near the Model Sailboat Pond and at the usual East Drive places.

Palemale settling into bed.

He sat in this tree most of the morning.

It has been three full days since I saw them.

Palemale.

Some of Palemale & Lola's fans visit the pond to watch their nest.

Palemale entering his nest on Fifth Avenue where he spent more than a half hour.

Palemale doesn't need a terrace to enjoy his view.

Lola on the Met's security camera last Friday Nov. 10, 2006.

Palemale over the hawk bench.

The adopted child.

Lola (bottom) with her young friend.

Palemale heading uptown.

Palemale before sunrise.

Palemale had an active morning between the East Drive trees, the Met,
and the Great Lawn.

Yes they knew something was wrong.

Today the sky belonged to Lola!

Lola over the Model Sailboat Pond.

I can only guess that she slept here Friday night, she also went to bed
here Saturday night.

Lola having fun in the cloudless December sky.

Palemale shared in the fun.

Lola making a circle before landing on her nest.

Lola dropping down slowly onto her nest.

Palemale is calling Lola who was several trees away.

The happy couple spending some time in the Beresford before heading
into the stiff winds on Friday afternoon.

Palemale.

Palemale again.

Lola.

Palemale led the way and they both headed for the Ramble.

Lola with the Met and Harlem skyline.

Palemale about a half hour after waking up on Monday morning.

Lola coming down Fifth Ave.

Palemale getting ready for bed near the Locust Grove.

From Palemale's roost he can see Lola going to bed on the Beresford.

Palemale waking up Sunday morning.

Lola awoke about a half hour later than her mate at 7:30 a.m.

Palemale on Lola's bed for a change.

Palemale kept company with Lola until 4:40 p.m. when he took a swift direct dive to the Locust Grove. Lola remained in her favorite bed.

I thought I saw the whole tree glow when Lola rested her beautiful body on its branches.

Palemale performing the delicate task of scratching his ear.

Lola over Fifth Ave. with a fragment of some sky-writer's message.

SOUVENIR TRIP

Ron Winkler

for Jan Wagner

behind extensive sheep lay Premium Highlands,
its alphalandscape was instantly cognizable, its adequate design
a middle stratum in the prime of life, you spoke
of *mountaining* together, several egocentric pubs later on
of manic harvest, who knows, these foreign parts were intransitive
home—and therefore dangerous. they kept malt-cows
which acted like malt-cows. every day contained perhaps
ten kilos of beauty. sun-ups like monsoons.
rainfall sometimes like the light, sometimes like substantives.
around us so-called Glenn Gould birds. peculiar windows.
they too were based on charter language. bridging
what was a gap. and parting your gaze followed them
in an oddly Victorian way.

Translated from the German by Iain Galbraith.

THE CASE IN POINT, RAIN

we perceived the fragmented body of water as an apparition
between the adjectives *light* and *stormy*.

it never rained only once per rain.

sometimes we sensed hormones aimed toward us.

sometimes tangible antonyms of *desert*.

rain, we thought, was the most drinkable weather.

a *hydrogenity*.

mostly it rained away from the universe.

and simultaneously toward it.

oceans sailed by overhead. capsules
brimmed with themselves.

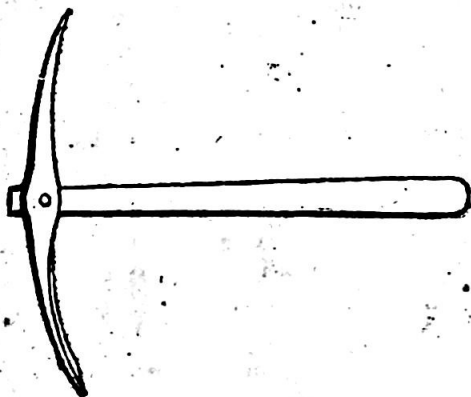
and the data of the first hour.

Translated from the German by Andrea Scott.

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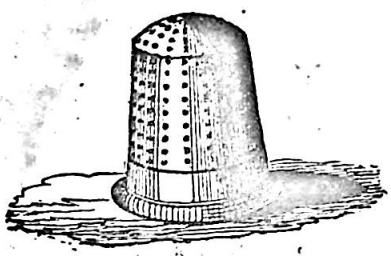


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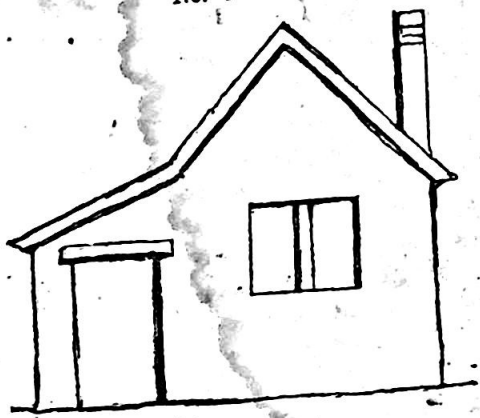


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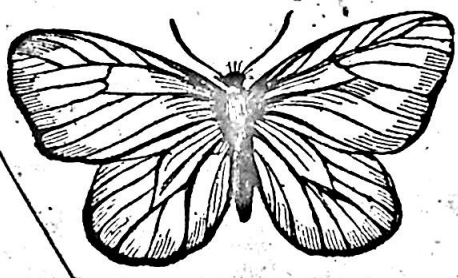


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OUTLANDISH PROVERBS

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH ADAGES FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE HERBERT

To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.

The singing man keeps his shop in his throat.

He that deals in the world needs four sieves.

The way is an ill neighbor.

A tyrant is most tyrant to himself.

The wolf must die in his own skin.

Take heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides.

The physician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money.

Years know more than books.

The dainties of the rich are the tears of the poor.

Castles are forests of stones.

When one is on horseback he knows all things.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He that hath charge of souls transports them not in bundles.

Cities are taken by the ears.

He that lives in hope danceth without music.

Little losses amaze, great tame.

The child says nothing but what it heard by the fire.

Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it.

Men speak of the fair as things went with them there.

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you would know the truth of the
thing.

At length the fox turns monk.

He that is warm thinks all so.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.

I gave the mouse a hole, and she has become my heir.

Whither goest, grief? Where I am wont.

Praise day at night, and life at the end.

A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.

The mill cannot grind with the water that's past.

Without favor, none will know you, and with it you will not know yourself.

Everyone stretches his legs according to his coverlet.

Of all smells, bread; of all tastes, salt.

Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments.

Think of ease, but work on.

Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but water of it.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despises it.

The river past, and God forgotten.

Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.

Advise none to marry or go to war.

In honor, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a hundred griefs prove.

Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.

He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.

Good service is a great enchantment.

The best mirror is an old friend.

That is not good language which all understand not.

Be not a baker, if your head be of butter.

Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

He that hath no ill fortune is troubled with good.

This world is nothing except it tend to another.

The charges of building and making of gardens are unknown.

He that lives most dies most.

He that knows what may be gained in a day never steals.

Trust not one night's ice.

The first service a child does his father is to make him foolish.

In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.

The back door robs the house.

Disgraces are like cherries; one draws another.

When a knave is in a plum tree, he has neither friend nor kin.

Happier the hands compassed with iron, than a heart with thoughts.

Bells call others, but enter not themselves the church.

Pension never enriched a young man.

Water, fire, and soldiers quickly make room.

Love is the true price of love.

The fish adores the bait.

I was taken by a morsel, the fish thinks.

Send not a cat for lard.

Not sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel
hard by.

Everyone is weary, the poor in seeking, the rich in keeping, that good
in learning.

He that tells a secret is another's servant.

Suffer and expect.

The wind in one's face makes one wise.

No prison is fair, nor love foul.

If fools wore white caps, we should all seem a flock of geese.

Selected and edited by D. Nurkse.

MY WAY IS THE HIGHWAY

Grace Lee

How do I say you sullen me? You beard like a freshly mown lawn,
crooked in the spring moonlight, blinking even on dark days. Why
can't I hypnotize the pinpoint delicacy of your eyebrows, your hairy
neck? Black strands in greasy patches licking an opaque forehead. I
once saw you in a large room called Fifth Avenue, you were so vast and
stupid, cars were driving right through your huge glistening pores and
all I could think was *filthy*. But no one ever looked away.

POEM IN THE SHAPE OF REFUGE

Michael Clearwater

This clearing will be too small to make grand gestures within
but will make you look large the way you want space brought to you
and spread around

you and you use it. You make use of it. You know it uses you. You can't
make anything of air that will last longer than the air. We all know how
you tried.

When you were more petulant you wrestled all your blessings away.
Or was it your visions: all our cities came out of the shit and

steamed and were steam-powered and at that point they built
themselves
from the lightning they leapt up to meet and needed us no longer.

Permissions were granted for special tortures. We didn't know whom
we'd asked to dinner but they showed up with an army and they salted
our fields.

We knew this was how they were supposed to behave. You told us.
Our surprise isn't sincere. It isn't surprise. It isn't anything.

The words we have are scratches on the surface. Our voices
will get sharper. Someday we'll get to the bottom of this or

of something else. On the clearest days we can see across the plain
to the trees. They are stark against the sky. They come out of the earth.

They grow our hearts. Our initials. We can read them,
shot through with an arrow they are held in place

above the earth. They are stark. They are our center. They cannot be
moved.

SO PERKY

Ken Rumble

Tendency skip rock plate techniques:
one to the left, three to the right. Correction
and escalation, the sound of tit for tat.
There's no absolute zero (check the want ads)
only absolution and the muddy—*the unclear*
are confined to darkness—this German
sounds like that German. The grass heart woven
with a steam valve near the pierced eye brow—
when will she arrive? of when will she? The answer
is the question at the top of the page reworded, right?
And like that allowable, unforeseeable road without
dust, air without breath, tar without
stain, near without next—take it in stride,
follow the hyperbole; there's a pot there
and here a pond, some sun
tapped up by little waves.

I'LL BE THE ONE WEARING TINY WHITE BOOTS

William D. Waltz

In hell,
In hell there's one
Season. It's called cold
Cruel oatmeal but it's never
Too soon to wear white slacks,

White hats,
White socks, white jocks.
Sundays we fling our javelins
Into the mystery down by the river
While the feted ferries come in. Toot Toot.

We're concerned
Less with accuracy than distance.
May this toss take me elsewhere, may
The breeze off Fire Lake carry, may these boots
Move me and if not, make me happy here.

BRIAN'S BRAIN

Science insists and how

are we to disagree?

The alien topographies

the brain displays

resemble stems of Caribbean coral

or the pockmark surface of the moon,

which in turn resembles Craters

National Park—but that's comparing

two halves of one brain.

It can be flat in Idaho,

and where it is is sometimes stacked

with volcanic rock, piles of black books

forgotten among the library of trees.

Studies show the wind alone

rarely courses the gorges and scours

the gulches of the western desert,
our desiccated inland sea,
home to Atomic City,
poor Shoshone.

There is raven and crow,
eagle and sparrow,
and like pharaoh the radiant
vulture reigns over the earth
and its vast crevasses,
the furrowed flesh of gray matter.

If there is salt in our blood,
it's a vestige of the sea. If
there's mud in our marrow,
it's magma's memento. If
pottery chips and coral bits
litter the desert floor, then

there are more mirages than oases.

A vulture rides the thermals. Up

ahead, the sun.

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PARLEY'S MAGAZINE was a quarterly magazine for children published by Charles S. Francis of 252 Broadway, New York, and Joseph H. Francis of 128 Washington Street, Boston. Excerpts reproduced here date from 1838 to 1939.

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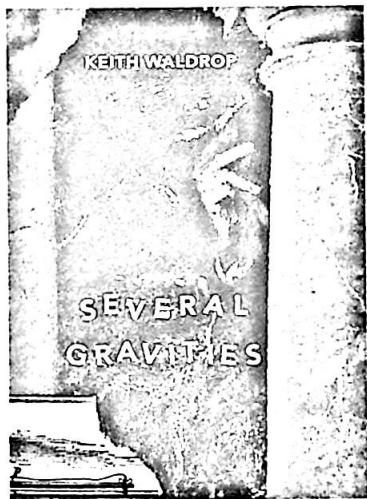


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